

Graphic

VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., May 16, 1908. No. 24

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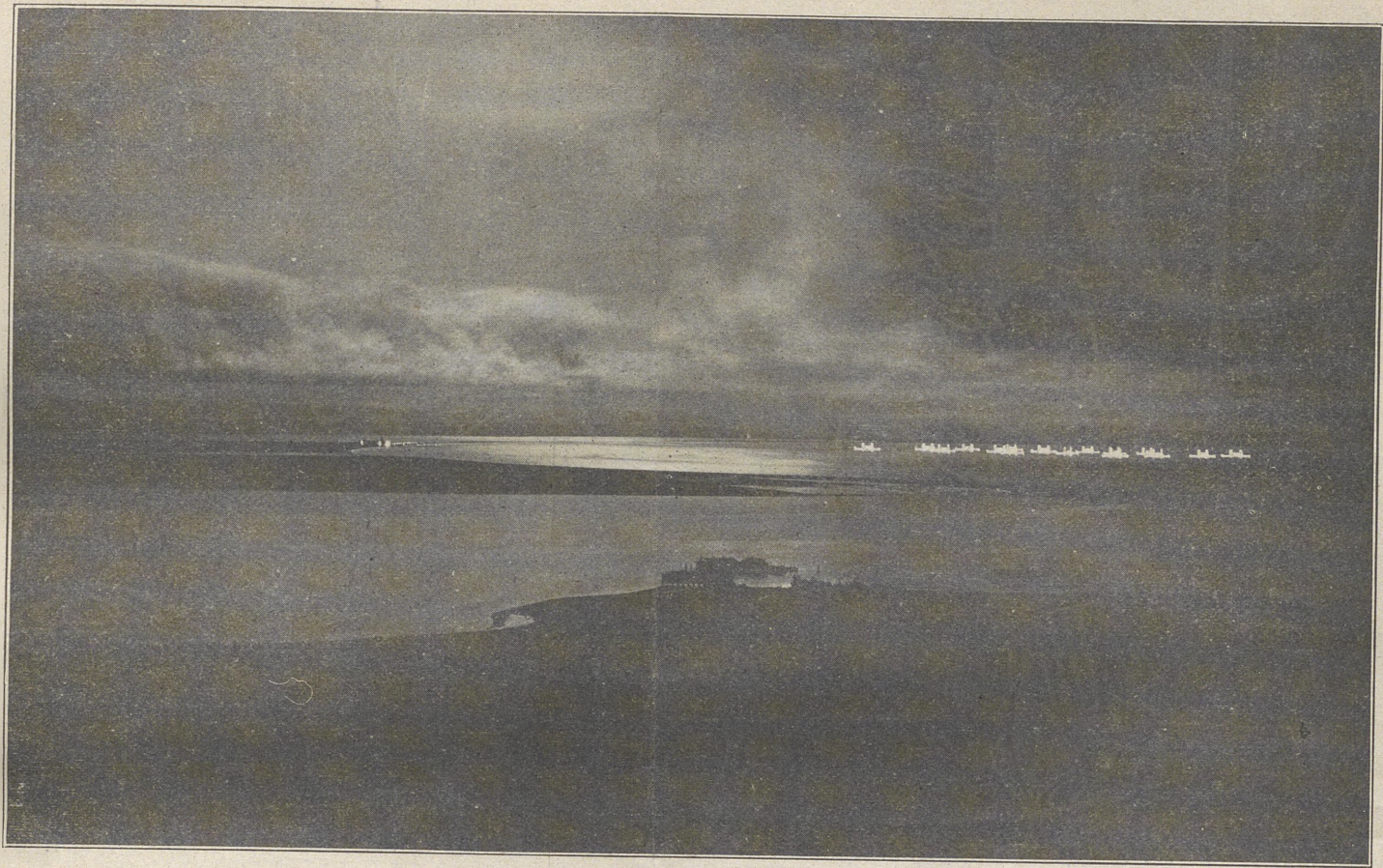
The House of Musical Quality.

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MUSIC Co.**

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THE U. S. FLEET AS SEEN FROM POINT LOMA, AT NIGHT, ON APRIL 16

The moonlit waters of the bay and the illuminated warships produce a fairylike effect

BEST VALUES AT

The Big Exclusive Piano House

BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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Matters of Moment

Otis for Secretary of War.

Harrison Gray Otis expects to be Secretary of War in the cabinet of William H. Taft. Failing this he would be pleased to be assistant Secretary of War. Failing this, he would accept the pension commissionership. His ambition is to round out a stormy but financially successful career with a taste of official life. In this ambition may be found the real reason why General Harrison Gray Otis is training with "The Organization;" why he wants to be a "regular" after twenty years of guerilla warfare within the party; why he is anxious to propitiate the real powers of the party.

Were Mark A. Hanna alive there could be no hope for General Otis's aspirations. But Hanna is dead. New men have arisen. Maybe "the General" can bring influences to bear that will land him in Washington. He will have the determined and influential opposition of Congressman Jesse Overstreet of Indianapolis and it is possible that Overstreet can block the plans.

If General Otis reveals these ambitions, it will eventually lead to a thorough investigation of his career in the Philippine Islands. It will be remembered that before he returned to the United States he sent a cable dispatch announcing the end of the Philippine insurrection and that his services were no longer urgently demanded, in defense of the flag. There has been in circulation ever since a story that, instead, he was sent home by General MacArthur. The truth will come to the surface should political preferment be proposed for him.

The assertion in a former paragraph that General Otis could get nothing were Mark Hanna living is based on truth. Hanna, in the campaign of 1900, was worried over the possible loss of the House of Representatives. He had no fear of Bryan's election but he saw a very big chance for Democratic gains in the House. In the previous Congress there was a Republican majority of less than ten and the Democrats could have won a few seats and gained a majority in the House. General Otis was called upon by the men in control of the party to support the

congressional nominee in this district—and he did nothing. This it was that incited the wrath of Hanna and made him swear a great oath that as long as he lived General Otis should have no political advancement.

If Mr. Taft or Mr. Taft's managers have been so indiscreet as to make any agreement or alliance with Harrison Gray Otis, they have made a most lamentable bargain. Publicity of such a deal insures the absolute loss of California. We do not believe that even an angel could be elected to anything in this state were it known that General Otis were to obtain thereby a front seat in the Kingdom of Heaven.

His personal unpopularity is not the least recommendation of Harrison Gray Otis. Rather we base our opposition on his incompetency and his age. Were he to become Secretary of War, we believe that the country would have another Alger in office. At General Otis's time of life, a comfortable arm chair and a pipe are more appropriate than the activities and responsibilities of a cabinet position or of a commissionership.

Universal Regulators.

It would be manifestly unfair to criticize City Prosecutor Woolwine for doing his duty. It matters not how foolish an ordinance our city fathers may pass; as long as it remains the law it is the duty of Mr. Woolwine to see that it is obeyed. Apart from the importance of observing the law as long as it is law, it is only by such insistence on the part of the officials that the validity of a freak measure can be tested, and an unconstitutional law be wiped off the statute book.

Such reflections are suggested by the foolish sop thrown to the "unco' guid" by the City Council's prohibition of the sale of any newspaper containing a "tip" on any horse race. It is probable that not a single coun-
man in voting for this ordinance failed to realize the folly and unconstitutionality of such a measure, and if he had any legal sense at all, he must have known that it was almost certain to be declared unconstitutional. But

the average councilman is altogether too susceptible to any pressure, and he is prone to nod at the behest of the universal regulators while slyly winking at the skeptical, the worldly wise, and even at the "sports."

If it can be declared illegal for a newspaper to print an individual's opinion as to what horse seems likely to win a certain race, there are ten thousand events of chance upon any of which speculation or prophesy similarly may be prohibited. There is at present, for instance, a good deal of quiet speculation, and perhaps not a little wagering, as to who will be the next president. In due time the reigning odds will be quoted by newspapers as an indication of a result upon which the whole nation's interest is centered. Morally, it is quite as reprehensible to bet a dollar on the result of a presidential election as upon a horse race. What is to prevent a St. Tobias Earl arising in our midst and urging the City Council to make it a misdemeanor for any citizen to imperil his immortal soul by laying a political wager? Following the precedent of the anti-tipping ordinance, it may be declared illegal for any newspaper to venture a prediction as to the identity of the next president. While this is obviously reductio ad absurdum, it is, after all, only following to its logical limits the ridiculous course upon which our city fathers have embarked.

If the Los Angeles universal regulators are to have their way, they will succeed in despoiling this most attractive city in the world of a most important factor in its attractiveness. Once let it be noised abroad that Los Angeles is dominated by men of small and narrow minds, who have encumbered her government with all manner of petty, puritanical statutes, which tamper with individual liberty and are irksome to freeborn citizens, and Los Angeles will be as much avoided as she has been sought. We do not wish to be known as "a city of cranks." Such a reputation is easy enough to gain, and precious hard to get rid of.

The "unco' guid" among us are so convinced of their own righteousness that they will never rest until the lives of all their

neighbors are moulded in their own pattern. It would, doubtless, be a tremendous satisfaction to the preachers if laws could be adopted compelling every citizen to attend divine service at least once every Sabbath—although in the mind of the thoughtful citizens there is grave difference of opinion as to what constitutes "divine service." Many advocates of prohibition, who have been driven to the extremity of total abstinence because they themselves could not use beer, wine or whisky, in moderation, refuse to believe that anybody else can touch liquor without danger of intoxication; therefore they wish to deprive every one else of an individual liberty because they themselves have abused it.

We have no confidence in the abandonment of the city government to the universal regulators of other people's conduct. They will not only make an awful mess of the job, involving the city in expensive and fatuous legislation, but they will succeed in making Los Angeles an attractive abiding place for themselves only. And, indeed, it is doubtful if even the universal regulators themselves would be content, as soon as there was nobody or nothing left to regulate.

It is to be hoped that this foolish anti-tip ordinance will soon be tested in the courts, and the result of that test, we believe, will be that the enterprise of the universal regulators will, for the time being, be abated.

Outdoor Advertising.

In no section of the country is there better reason for protest against the invasion

of the outdoor advertiser than in Southern California. We are not slow in recognizing and appreciating the incomparable natural advantages of the Land of Sunshine. Our visitors call Southern California "the Italy of the West," "the Playground of America," and other alluring names. But instead of rendering our natural advantages as attractive as possible, or at least, being zealous to preserve them, we have subjected them to hideous treatment and ugly insult. The most beautiful of landscapes are violated by the obnoxious billboard; the loveliest of valleys is cumbered by the signs of Somebody's Pills, and the roads to the sea are littered with the gaudy solicitations of the advertiser. Nor can we place the blame on eastern advertisers alone. From Los Angeles to Mount Lowe, and from Pasadena to Venice, it would appear that all our home products, including our leading newspapers, vaunt their merits to the breeze. The tourist with any degree of taste turns with disgust at finding that Southern California merchants and captains of industry have no hesitation in spoiling natural beauties with their unnatural designs. Well may he shudder to see that we are so ready to sacrifice our divine inheritance for commercial advantage, so eager to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

It would be interesting to make analysis of the mind of any person who is influenced by such advertising eyesores. What kind of a person is it, for instance, who will be induced to dine at the A. B. C. Cafe because its proprietor declares in three-foot letters on the top of a hill that the A. B. C. is the place to dine; and what sort of a person will

be led to subscribe for a newspaper by the flaring signs of its owner which obstruct the landscape and insist that it is the only great and big journal in the Southwest?

The American Civic Association is at some pains to make researches along this line, to discover the practical effect of such offensive outdoor advertising on purchasers. Writing to "Harper's Weekly," Mr. F. H. Saunders of Pasadena declares "I not only have never made a purchase on the strength of such advertising, but on the contrary, am always prejudiced against articles so advertised." It is very probable that thousands of people share Mr. Saunders's prejudice, and if only they would make their revolt against outdoor advertising similarly assertive, some alleviation from this rapidly accumulating evil might be realized.

Charlotte (N. C.) doctors admit that they wrote 39,654 prescriptions for whisky the past year, which shows that a prohibition town is not the driest place on earth.

No Use Debating.

This afternoon the pupils of the high school have a debate over the question: "Resolved that labor unions are a menace to our country."

Pshaw! What's the use of chewing the rag about it? The three leading papers of Southern California, the Los Angeles "Times," Los Angeles "Graphic" and Chino "Champion" settled that question long ago in favor of the affirmative.

The instruments for the new band were received Wednesday and the boys will now proceed to get busy.—Chino "Champion."

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—III

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Johnson was one of the wittiest men—who was not otherwise humorous—ever in Congress, and he was at times bitterly sarcastic, which held him in great shape for frequent use in speech and conversation. In the Senate he was regarded as quicker and cleverer than even those of more scholarly attainments; and in 1860-61, when such northern southern sympathizers as Lane of Oregon, Latham of California, Bright of Indiana and others, attempted to confuse him during his great speeches on the war for the preservation of the Union, and for the expulsion of the Indiana Senator, he invariably routed them, "foot, horse and dragoons." Bright was expelled because he wrote a treasonable letter to Jefferson Davis. But the letter never reached Davis. Johnson was interrupted by some copperhead Senator while he was making his great speech on the expulsion of Bright, who claimed that the Indiana Senator could not be a traitor because his letter to Davis miscarried. "Was Benedict Arnold any less a traitor because his plans miscarried?" roared Johnson, which brought down the nightly-packed house. He was ever ready with just such repartee, and became, as Mr. Lincoln termed him, "the Andrew Jackson of the (civil) war."

In the days before secession throughout the South all candidates for important elective positions "took the stump" together; and in the '40s and '50s Johnson was considered a very effective man "on the

stump." Tennessee was conspicuously noted for its great open air orators and debaters. Johnson was one of the greatest of them all, and his most splendid effort was in 1855, when he defeated Gentry for Governor, and wiped out the Knownothing party of Tennessee. It was Johnson's first appearance in Williamson county. In a previous canvass he and Henry did not visit there. Gentry and Henry had been there often, and were prime favorites with the Whigs of old Williamson. Johnson passed a beautiful ecomium upon the fame and eloquence of his gifted competitor. He won all hearts by the kind words he often spoke concerning a man who, with only one interval, had been the pride of the county ever since he was a boy. All he asked, he said, was that they would give unto him the same patient hearing they had accorded to their eloquent favorite. It was the same speech that he had delivered at every other point, and the same one, without variation, he delivered unto the close. He got the lesson well, and recited it with a power that has never been surpassed in this country. His description of Washington's visit to the grave of DeKalb made the audience weep, and when he told of Montgomery's death there was not a dry eye in the crowd. Finally he got out his blue book and began to read from it, thereby disclosing the secret grips, winks and signs of the Knownothings. At this point men gnashed their teeth at him, the turbulent element pressed heavily against the ropes, and it seemed as if at any moment the cursing

mad men would cast down all barriers and rush on him. In the aisles men were seen on all fours, moving up and down the gangway, and making all kinds of hideous noises. Cool as the center seed of a cucumber, he kept up his raking and irritating fire, and proceeded to denounce "the whole lay-out" in terms of such vehemence and grimaces as were never heard or seen in any civilized country before.

Gentry replied, but never a word did he say in answer to the denunciations so liberally dealt out by Johnson. In a pointless and rotund manner he essayed the task of stemming the overwhelming tide. He was supremely eloquent, but failed to make the impression that his adversary had. He wound up by saying that his competitor had boastfully claimed that he had never been defeated.

"Yes," said the flashing orator, "Pompey roamed the world a conqueror until he met his Caesar on the plains of Pharsalia!"

Johnson's rejoinder is regarded unto this day, by friend and foe, as the most crushing and overwhelming that was ever heard. It is impossible to conceive anything more splendid in the art of public speaking. It has no equal in the art of stump speaking. Its effect was instantaneous. Men declared that they could see "Knownothings crawling out of their dens like ants out of a burning log." It was compact and delivered with matchless vehemence. It infuriated both Whigs and Democrats to madness. It was the most complete and crushing vic-

tory ever witnessed, at least in Tennessee. Its great point and power were in the indignant and defiant orator, refuting the charge of Gentry that he was disloyal to the south. Said he:

"I know when I have my victim. I know when my prey is in my power." He went on and recited with terrible emphasis the provisions of the Wilmot proviso, and then read with still more terrible emphasis the names of those who voted for it from among the abolitionists of the North.

"Now," asked he, "is it possible that among the names on this dark list of traitors to the South there can be found one of her sons who has stabbed her?"

Turning around upon his heels, and placing his index finger almost under the nose of his competitor, he asked: "As Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man!'" The effect was dramatic. It literally crushed all hope of victory out of the Knownothings. A more effective scene was never seen upon any stage. It was the very climax of acting. It never has been equaled, and never will be.

And yet Johnson was no story-teller, and he never remembered stories except those that would be applicable in oratory. Of these he always had a choice selection. But he enjoyed a story with a good point, and was intermittently fond of the company of bright talkers and other fellows of radiant dispositions. Very sarcastic—and as humorous as sarcastic—were his instructions to the escort of Vallandigham from Nash-

ville to the enemy's lines, to take the notorious Ohio copperhead as near to the smallpox hospital as possible. A short time after the arrival in Nashville of Johnson and his staff he got wind of a movement on the part of some officers to present him with a sword, and he instructed me to forbid it. "Tell them," he said, "that I never had any weapon but a flatiron in my hand in my life—that I know no more about handling a sword than old Gid. Pillow does about building rifle pits."

I once took Alf Burnett and Locke one Sunday night in 1863 to see Johnson, and had quietly informed them that they must not be funny in a set, professional way, but that they should get off something incidentally when they saw the chance, that would make the old man laugh. Those two sons of Momus just effervesced for half an hour, when Johnson asked them if they ever took anything strong. "Will a duck swim?" asked Burnett in response, at which Johnson laughed, as the saying was not old in those days. But he caught on, all the same, as he said to me the next day: "I knew I had made a mistake the moment I asked those comedians if they ever took anything. The idea of such merry fellows as those confining themselves to cold water."

One of President Johnson's first pardons of an ex-Confederate general was that of David M. Key, who twelve years afterward was Postmaster-General under President Hayes. Key had grown up in Greenville

with Andrew Johnson, and the two men were personal and political friends for thirty years. Key assailed secession until the assault on Sumter, after which he joined the southern army as lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-third Tennessee Infantry. After the surrender Key found himself an ex-Confederate general in the piny woods of North Carolina, self-exiled from his Tennessee home. In a short time Johnson became President, and was still declaring that traitors should be punished and treason be made odious. While these raging utterances had no seemingly mellifluous cadences whatever at the time, and their only sounds reached the ears of the wanderer in their harshest way, Key bethought him of the possible sunshine of Johnson's old-time friendship, and a hope that it was not wholly obscured prompted him to write the President a letter. So he wrote to his old friend, asking for no pardon and making no apology for what he had done, but depicting his misery and stating his determination to abide loyally by the consequences of the war. His letter concluded about as follows:

"If I am to be hanged for treason, I prefer that the ceremony should take place in Tennessee rather than in North Carolina, so I shall return to my native State at once, and will no longer attempt to evade the officers of the law."

In a few days General Key received a reply from President Johnson, which inclosed a full pardon, and a request that he do his best to bring about that preservation of the Union for which so much precious blood had been spilled.

By the Way

River Bed Franchise.

Apparently by common consent, the unanimity of which is startling, the daily papers have refrained from "getting after" the riverbed franchise sought by the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company." That a grab of this dimensions can be attempted and not a single daily newspaper have the sense to expose and condemn it, is astounding. Here is a piece of property in the shape of a franchise for a railroad, which is at a conservative estimate worth at least \$1,000,000 to the Huntington interests. Two men, A. C. Bird of Compton, who has been a Gould railroad man, and F. C. Wintrobe, who is known as an officer of a fruit-shipping concern, come along and attempt to sequester this property for their own benefit. They are represented before the city council by an attorney, Francis J. Thomas, whose public career a few years ago was marked by heroic efforts to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the Hook street railroad interests; and everything that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Gibbon obtained from the city for the Hooks was subsequently handed over to the great financial advantage of the Hooks, to the Huntington interests. With these conditions it is surprising that the city council, instead of dallying along with the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company," does not refuse the application forthwith.

Right Idea.

The Municipal League has the right idea about the future of the river bed. Instead of "farming" this valuable property, or giving it away for specious words and vague promises, the League, after a careful study has decided that if a railway is to go into the river bed, ownership should vest in the city. The ideas of the League are embodied in the following communication to the Council:

"First—Being fully satisfied that the city and its citizens cannot get the benefit from a railway over the river bed which they should obtain, by any kind of an arrangement that the city has the power to make with any other body, and that the best interests of its citizens will be subserved, not so much by having more railroads to the sea, but by bringing about different conditions from those now existing, and realizing that the river bed offers the only opportunity for the city to build a railroad that will fully meet the demands of its citizens and correct present traffic evils, we recommend that no right to build or operate a railway along the river bed be given, granted or leased in any way, to any one, at any price.

"Second—We further recommend that steps be taken by the league at once to cause such provisions to be adopted in our proposed new charter as will give the city the power to do all things necessary to build, equip, operate and maintain, and to buy, sell or lease railroads from the city to the sea, and

to lease, buy, sell, build, equip, operate and maintain wharves upon the sea, and to purchase all lands necessary to carry out such powers, so that in the future, if the railroads now or then existing do not of their own accord fix or maintain such rates or arrangements for traffic from the city to the sea as will meet the requirements of the people, the city may undertake the building of a railroad and wharves of its own, should the people so decide."

"Paternalism."

The second of these clauses will bring forth a great cry of "paternalism"—not only from schemers who expect to derive benefit from absorbing the river bed, but from those who are in principle opposed to public ownership or management of any utility. The "Graphic" holds to the belief that it would be unwise to narrow the river bed or to obstruct it in any manner, this being a matter of safety and right for the dwellers in the lowlands along the river. But if the river bed is to be made an avenue of entrance for railroads, by all means the title to the road should rest in the city itself, and not with any private persons or public service corporations. Perhaps the plan to erect an elevated road along the length of the river is feasible, the tracks to be open to all comers.

Council's Duty.

The city council has a duty to the public

to perform, and there need be no hesitancy in acting. Let every private grab at a right-of-way over the city's property, every "lease," every franchise, be turned down hard and promptly. Swift action will discourage the next set of grabbers who are certain to happen along.

How Much?

Since I wrote the above paragraphs the "Express" has come out with a glowing description of the plans of the "Los Angeles Railway Company." It would be interesting to know how much stock in the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company" Mr. Earl has been allotted in consideration of this write-up. Mr. Earl has been known to boost the cause of other public service corporations in which he has an interest, and unlike Caesar's wife, he is open to suspicion in this case. Mr. Earl's price is not excessive. He is willing to give favorable notices to the theaters for advertising aggregating \$600 a month.

Still for Roosevelt.

Every Republican newspaper in California for the last six months or more has been shouting "Taft, Taft, Taft!" But it appears that all this insistence has not produced the expected impression upon the readers. The "Graphic" has declared its conviction, over and over again, that the majority of Republicans in this State refuse to be routed by the "third term" bugaboo, and are still for Roosevelt. The vote at last week's primary supplied the surest evidence that this view is correct. Under the circumstances I do not see how the California delegation at Chicago can avoid casting its first vote at all events for Roosevelt. How will the State Convention, in session in Sacramento today, avoid pledging itself to accept the verdict of the party at the unofficial primary?

Republicans in Session.

As this paper is published on the day that the Republican State Convention is in session at Sacramento it is obviously futile to prophesy concerning the event. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League has made a great noise concerning its victories at the party primary, but even conceding its utmost claims the "reformers" will not be able to number more than one-third of the delegates at the convention. Writing several days before the convention, there seems no reason to change the "Graphic's" prediction that the regular organization will be in complete control and that the delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention will be George A. Knight, who is scheduled to preside over the Sacramento convention; General Harrison Gray Otis, M. H. DeYoung and Governor Gillett. There seems some probability that the governor will decline the honor, in which event Judge Cutler of Eureka or Judge Harry Melvin of Oakland will be the fourth delegate-at-large.

The Reformers.

I believe it to be to the best interests of the Republican party and the State at large that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League has made so good a showing. Any such movement infuses a healthy stimulant into party affairs. If any clique is permitted to re-

main in control, year after year, without substantial protest, interest is certain to lag, and a few self-appointed leaders are left to their own devices. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League has been criticized freely in these columns, because many of its leaders seemed to be traveling under false colors. Men like Dr. Pardee were subservient enough to the "machine" as long as its revolutions turned in their favor. Disappointed and disgruntled politicians are too prone to pose as "reformers," simply using the chorus of "reform" to cover their own wail of chagrin or cry of vengeance. The real value of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League's campaign is in educating the Republicans of California to the fact that they can rule themselves and control the party if they choose to exert sufficient energy to do so. The control of State politics by the "machine" engineered by Southern Pacific officials is only the inevitable result of the people's callousness and apathy. When that control is wrested from the railroad, the Republicans of California need to be mighty careful that it is not handed over to a coterie of self-seeking politicians, graduates of the "machine" itself, whose anxiety for "reform" is inspired by personal resentment against the "machine" because they do not think their "services" have been sufficiently recognized and rewarded. There are many genuine and disinterested reformers in the ranks of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, but hitherto their voices have been drowned by the cries and alarms of the disappointed and still hungry "claimants."

Bard.

Thomas R. Bard is being boosted by the "Express" as a proper candidate for delegate at large to the Republican national convention. As the "Express" will have nothing to say in the matter, Ex-Senator Bard will stay at home. It was not this that I set out to say, however. The "Express" in championing Mr. Bard said: "The Southern Pacific railroad does not want Bard. It never did. Twice when he was a candidate for the high office he so admirably filled, the Southern Pacific opposed him, once successfully."

Bard's Election.

If the "Express" had anybody on its staff who understands California politics it would know that this is not true; but the Kansas City wiseacres who write the political column for the "Express" know little of what has gone before. Bard was not actively or scarcely even receptively a candidate for the Senate when he gathered in that political plum. D. M. Burns was supported by the railroad and there were other candidates, U. S. Grant, Jr., R. N. Bulla and the late General W. H. L. Barnes, who commanded respectable votes. The late Irving M. Scott, shipbuilder, had a handful of supporters. If memory serves, for ballot after ballot Bard got one vote, that of Greenwall. The prize finally went to Bard to break a deadlock. No one in the north knew much about him. When he came up for re-election, he was a receptive candidate. He was willing to go back if the people wanted him; but he did not stir about very actively. In Southern California he had the disadvan-

tages incident to the support of the "Times" and that accomplished his downfall as much as the railroad influence.

Stimson.

My friend Marshall Stimson addressed the City Club last Saturday, taking practical politics as his theme. Mr. Stimson's address shows that he is absorbing political wisdom with amazing rapidity. Among other things he referred to incidents in the Police Station precinct in the Bard-Flint primary election. It happens that I saw Marshall Stimson at the booth that day and what I saw has made me respect his political ideals ever since. His campaign for the Assembly, when he bumped into the impregnable regular Republican phalanx at the Soldiers' Home, taught him some more things. Knowing Marshall Stimson, knowing that clear down to his heels he has the real metal in his make up, I cannot conceive why he is not the head and front of the Lincoln-Roosevelts. Chaps like me, with years of experience as a looker on in politics, are inclined to sniff when the Pardees get the leading strings in the north and pecksniffs like Earl assume leadership in the south. If the Lincoln-Roosevelts would unhorse all of the disgruntled, unsuccessful office seekers like Pardee who turn reformers when they cannot get office elsewhere, and would put into the saddle one or two clear-headed men like Marshall Stimson, the movement would command more respect from the cynical. Leaders like Stimson would no doubt make tactical mistakes, but these are of no importance compared with the distrust felt at the leadership of the Pardees and the Earls. And Stimson has enough sense and acumen not to make the same mistake a second time.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

B. N. Smith.

It is not at all to the credit of the legal profession that before services were held over the remains of Judge B. N. Smith, the contest over the office made vacant by death, waxed fiercely. While Judge Smith was in the land of the living I had no hesitation in dissenting from some of his actions on the bench; but a decent respect for the dead should have silenced those lawyers who hope to "wear the judicial ermine," as the "Record" puts it. I hope that Governor Gillett will have the goodness to turn down the application of all "candidates" who busied themselves with an examination of dead men's shoes before the services in memory of Judge Smith were held.

His Lectures.

I did not know Judge Smith personally. Had he lived, I should have opposed his nomination; had he been nominated I should have opposed his election. Casting these things aside, it must be said that he was an honest man, and a man who did not hesitate to seek the right, according to his lights. He was a conscientious man and no doubt believed in the virtues and efficacy

of his homilies from the bench. Numerous times I have referred to the apparent inequalities in the sentences which he pronounced. In other words, to me he never appealed as judicial material. He leaves behind him an untarnished name, a record unsullied by wilful injustice. And after all that is the best record any of us can make and the best inheritance to hand over to our children.

Well Timed.

Earl Rogers has written a communication on this subject to one of the dailies, which is so timely and well put that I cannot refrain from republishing it. Mr. Rogers writes:

"As a friend of the late Judge Smith, as a member of the bar who doubtless knew him as well as any other, and in the name of decency, I want to protest against the unseemly, ghoulish haste which has been exhibited by some of the candidates who desire to attempt to fill the vacancy which his demise has created. Judge Smith died Saturday; I arrived in the city Sunday; almost before I could call upon the bereaved family or go to the undertakers to look upon the face of my beloved friend, I was button-holed and importuned to use influence with the appointing power for this candidate and the other. I am informed that petitions were in circulation, addressed to the governor, recommending the appointment of one man or another before Judge Smith's body had been placed in its coffin. I know that pictures of prospective appointees were published in the papers, doubtless at the instance of the office seekers, and their qualifications adverted to before the disconsolate wife had even looked upon the face of the husband who was gone. It seems to me that a candidate who is so lacking in sense of the fitness of things is not fit to determine matters of life and death. I have sufficient acquaintance with Governor Gillett to make him acquainted with the facts, and with much regret I shall feel it my duty to put his excellency in possession thereof. I feel sure that his fine sense of what should be and what should not be will lead him to view with disfavor the claims of the men who have forgotten the respect due to the memory of a man who honored the bench of Los Angeles county for eighteen years."

Los Angeles-Pacific.

West of Rosedale Cemetery for a mile or more to Arlington and beyond there is a well-built district, peopled by the fairly well-to-do. Construction in this district has been exceptionally rapid because the Los Angeles-Pacific has supplied rapid transportation for all. Since the Los Angeles-Pacific has changed the gauge of the road, it has hurled its beach cars through this district at an approximate speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Stops are made for nobody, and the local traffic is supposed to be cared for by semi-occasional "local" cars and decrepit Redondo cars. From having the fastest car service in the city the denizens of the district west of Rosedale now have the poorest. The Los Angeles-Pacific is conducting its business as if all of Sixteenth street were a private right of way.

Time the Cars.

I understand that the Los Angeles-Pacific has a railroad franchise, and that there is

no way to compel stops. But there is another and effectual method to force the railroad to recognize that the people dependent on the company have some rights. The company can be compelled to observe the speed ordinances. At present every through car of the Los Angeles-Pacific is run in violation of the law. The corporation assumes to do this just because it is a corporation, and because the officers presume that the long suffering public will tamely submit to anything it may do; even as the company, by sufferance, occupied Fourth street as a switching yard for many years. I suggest that the cars be timed somewhere on the stretch of public street west of Oxford avenue. There is a way to bring the Los Angeles-Pacific to terms.

Municipal League Election.

The Municipal League has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, J. O. Koepfli; first vice-president, W. J. Washburn; second vice-president, James A. Anderson; treasurer, H. C. Witmer. These gentlemen and R. W. Burnham, Dr. F. B. Kellogg, Eugene Germain, Meyer Lissner, Marshall Stimson, Frank Simpson, C. C. Desmond, A. L. Stetson, Gilbert S. Wright, Rev. Burt Estes Howard and H. R. Boynton constitute the executive committee. The leaders of the League are all in harmony with its objects, and the organization is on a remarkably firm footing.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

"Otis, Mex."

The suspension of the Los Angeles Evening "News," owing to financial stringency, was a matter for express regret by all its contemporaries of the region south of Tehachapi, with a single exception. That exception was, of course, the Los Angeles "Times," edited by Harrison Gray Otis, who never misses a chance to kick a man who is down. Every other Southern California editor was sorry to see the failure of the honest enterprise of a brave and honest man, brought about by conditions that tried the strength of almost every enterprise. Only Otis rejoiced, and not only rejoiced, but defiled the commercial grave of the dead newspaper and abused its publisher. That is the Otis way. Of Sam Clover, editor of the "News," Otis's paper said:

Clover sat up in his little tinpot newspaper office and imagined he was directing the destinies of the nation. In his own fancy he was thundering like mighty Jove, but to every one else he sounded like an impudent fish-woman—scolding and nagging and making faces.

There was a lot more in the same brutal vein. Of course, the inspiration of this reading was the fact that Clover got under the hide of Otis, who dared not reply until his critic was silenced by other causes. Clover stood for honest politics. Otis is the easy tool of the Herrin machine. Clover told the truth about Otis and Otis dared not resent it openly as long as Clover had means to come back. The episode gives the measure of Otis.

In the Philippines, where Otis played a brief, inglorious campaign as a brigadier, the soldiers used to call him "Otis, Mex."

They counted him as worth not to exceed half his face value, like the silver currency of Mexico. It seems an extravagant valuation, especially since Otis's wanton and craven brutality in the case of Sam Clover.—San Francisco "Call," May 9.

Warnack.

Five or six years ago there rode into Los Angeles on a brake-beam an awkward, dark-haired, dark-eyed boy from Tennessee, named Warnack; Henry Clay Warnack to be more explicit. Two or three weeks experience as a "hand" in the vegetable gardens down Gardena way sufficed to quench the bucolic aspirations of the newcomer. He had done newspaper work on a small country paper in East Tennessee and he headed for the old "Herald" office. Warnack was untrained in the technique of the business but, what was of more account, he had ideas and a soul. In an incredibly short time Henry Warnack had a staunch circle of readers. Then hemorrhages set in and he had to leave. Arizona claimed him as its own and has him today. He is working in Yuma—whether he can leave the territory without permanent detriment to his health is open to question.

His Great Effort.

Warnack came through Los Angeles this week bound home from San Francisco, whither he had gone to see the fleet. He is the same bright-eyed enthusiast, tempered a bit by five years experience in Arizona, but still consumed by an unquenchable ambition. He tells me that he has given over writing verses and quaint bits of prose for the newspapers; instead he had devoted his efforts to one poem which he hopes will be a recompense for the time and energy devoted to it. It will be published probably by Doubleday, Page & Co. or by the Harpers.

"At Sea."

The humors of Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" were surpassed by some of the incidents that attended the travels of the Governor's gold-laced aides up and down the Coast during the festivities for the fleet. Some of the doughty "colonels" looked magnificent enough and regarded them-

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selves very seriously. As they themselves have to foot most of the bills for their distinction and prominence, nobody need feel aggrieved, so long as the "colonels" find the game worth the candle. A good story comes to me from the vicinity of the city hall. Commander E. J. Louis of the State Naval Militia, who, I believe, is an ex-officio member of the gubernatorial staff, is certainly indefatigable. Wherever and whenever there is "anything doing" Commander Louis is to the fore. During the staff's maneuvers in Southern California a letter was penned by the Commander somewhat to this effect:

Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mayor Harper, City Hall.

Commander E. J. Louis, etc., etc., begs to inform His Honor, the Mayor of Los Angeles, that he is surprised to find no provision has been made for the Governor's Staff in the automobile parade. As Commander Louis and the staff finds themselves totally at sea on this matter, he will be grateful if the Mayor will attend to it promptly.

Mayor Harper turned over this urgent missive to a member of the fleet committee, who was blessed with a sense of humor. A response in substance as follows was at once dictated:

Fleet Reception Committee.

Commander E. J. Louis, etc., etc., "At Sea." The Fleet Reception Committee is grievously concerned to be informed of the grave predicament and danger in which Commander E. J. Louis and the other members of the Governor's staff find themselves. If Commander Louis will at once send a wireless, giving the latitude and longitude of the staff's present unfortunate position, the committee will endeavor to secure a rescuing party to relieve the staff's distress and peril.

I do not know if the gold-laced "colonels" ultimately found due and proper provision made for them in the automobile parade, but at all events they were not allowed to remain "at sea."

Parade Day.

It is safe to say that Los Angeles will never be forgotten by any one of the eighteen thousand sailors in the Atlantic fleet. And they will remember this city with especial gratitude because they were not asked to parade to make a spectacle for their hosts. The one distasteful feature to officer and man in the Pacific Coast's generous welcome has been found in these parades. I heard a good story in this connection. After the parade in Oakland last Saturday a foot-weary officer came into the ward-room of one of the big battleships. He was covered with dust and disgust, he accepted in grim silence the joshes of his more fortunate brother officers, who had not been on parade duty; he looked at the debris of the luncheon which was already finished; he laid down his sword on the table and sank wearily into a chair, exclaiming "I wish to heaven Spain had won!"

Naval Critics.

Although Admiral Evans, in the single public speech he made while on the Pacific Coast, took a slap at Henry Reuterdaahl and the lay naval critics, it was significant that "Fighting Bob" before he left the St. Francis banquet hall was at pains to single out Reuterdaahl and give him a hearty handshake. Reuterdaahl's criticisms have done no one any harm and may result in a great deal of good. The stories that Reuterdaahl had been ostracized during the long cruise and that life on board had been made so uncomfortable for him that he decided to

leave the fleet at Magdalena Bay are the reverse of the truth. As a matter of fact, many naval officers persuaded Reuterdaahl to hurry on to Washington that the critic might face his critics. In San Francisco he was heartily welcomed back to the fleet. From all I can hear, the younger generation of naval officers are to a man with Reuterdaahl and believe that many of his criticisms are well founded and will result in important reform in battleship construction. The naval critic, if he knows what he is talking about, is an invaluable aid instead of a menace to the nation. Reuterdaahl is a pioneer in this work, and, like all pioneers, has had a rough road to hew. The most encouraging factor in the magnificent navy which today is this country's pride is to be found in the personnel of the young officers. They are tremendously keen on their work and follow not only every duty, but every new development in naval science with intense interest. A generation or so ago, too many officers considered it "bad form" to "talk shop." Nowadays there is no subject on which they are more willing to talk and to show the results of enthusiastic study.

The Cadet's Retort.

Which reminds me of an old but a good story which is told of the British navy. A naval cadet had just joined his ship and was introduced to the admiral. "Ah, my boy," said the admiral, "I knew your father. Let me see, he had four sons, eh? Sent the fool of the family to sea, eh?" The youngster looked the admiral straight in the eye and, respectfully saluting, said: "No, sir, things have changed since your day!"

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The sailors of the Fleet, although enjoying themselves in San Francisco, are still in ecstasies regarding their splendid treatment while in Los Angeles, and unutterably displeased over the shabbiness accorded them in Santa Barbara; and one of them has written to Al Levy and Mott Flint saying that he and thousands of others place the barbacue and automobile ride at the head of all, ending his letter as follows: "Your nice fat little Mayor may refuse to accept a loving cup from us, but he cannot prevent our handing Santa Barbara a lemon."

At Stanford.

Griffith J. Griffith has been asked by David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, to deliver the lecture, "Crime, Punishment and Reform," to the students of that university. This is in the line with Mr. Griffith's self-appointed task to ameliorate the condition of the inmates of the penitentiaries, and especially to find honorable and fitting employment for men leaving these institutions and desirous of leading straight lives. If, by addressing students, Mr. Griffith can arouse their interest—and particularly in the problem of what discharged convicts shall do—his journey to Palo Alto will not have been in vain.

The Professor's Suit.

There has been another turn in the litigation involving the Lowe gas outfit. L. P. Lowe as assignee of T. S. C. Lowe has demanded that the People's Gas & Coke Company deliver \$1,000,000 in stock, in consequence of one of the deals made about a

year ago; another demand is for \$189,500 damages; another demand is for the return of 1,000 shares of stock of the Los Angeles Safe Deposit and Trust Company, or else \$100,000 damages.

Who Will Get It?

Of the intricacies of this litigation I know and care nothing. My interest is to see from which end of the horn "the Professor" will emerge when the courts get through with the deals on which this litigation is based; also how the Nevada millionaires who are mixed up in the Lowe companies will fare. I can make a pretty good guess as to who is going to get the worst of it. His name is not T. S. C. Lowe.

"Outlaw" Ball.

This is a plea for outlaw ball. It is addressed primarily to Henry Berry, Fred Maier, Corney Pendleton and Harry Lelande, who will all see it; it is likewise of interest to hundreds of the "Graphic's" readers, who go more or less to the ball Park. I am impelled to write about baseball because the sporting writer of the "Record" sees that something is troubling, but cannot tell what it is. He says he thinks that the State League, which in the parlance of "organized baseball," is an "outlaw" because it will not give up its best players, is the real baseball goods in California. In this I agree.

A Drawback.

Baseball, professionally, is an iron-bound trust. A player signs with any club, Los Angeles, if you please, and he cannot play elsewhere next season. A string is on his services. But there is another drag on him. A club of the National or American League wants him and it "drafts" him. The local management is compelled to surrender him, and develop a new player. The system is beautiful for the big eastern clubs, but it undermines the smaller leagues. If you stay outside, you are an "outlaw."

Effect Locally.

Some years ago the Coast League was a full-fledged "outlaw." It owed no allegiance to anybody. The baseball trust supported a rival league—L. R. Garrett was manager—but it was routed with heavy loss. Diplomacy then effected what fighting could not accomplish. The Coast League went into the fold. The net result is that it has lost by "draft" or by "sale"—to escape the draft—every top notch player developed. The Coast League has been turned into a training ground for the big eastern clubs.

Bad.

Now this may be satisfactory to Messrs Maier, Berry, Lelande, Pendleton et al., but I doubt it. It is not satisfactory to the public, depend upon it. Where are Carlisle and Cravath; where are Chase and Newton, and Waddell, and Pat Dougherty, and Nick Altrock? Where? In the big eastern clubs.

"Outlaw."

"Outlaw" isn't a nice term when used in a sporting sense. But when Los Angeles had outlaw ball it had better ball than today, and the public was better satisfied, and the club made more money. Messrs. Berry, Maier, Pendleton, Lelande, et al., are essen-

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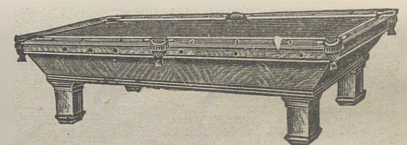
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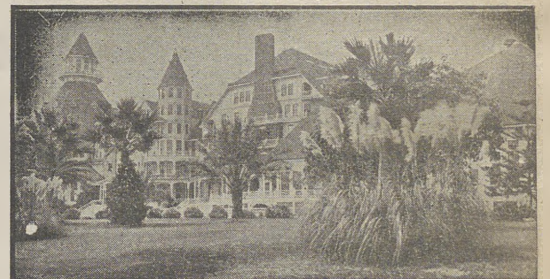
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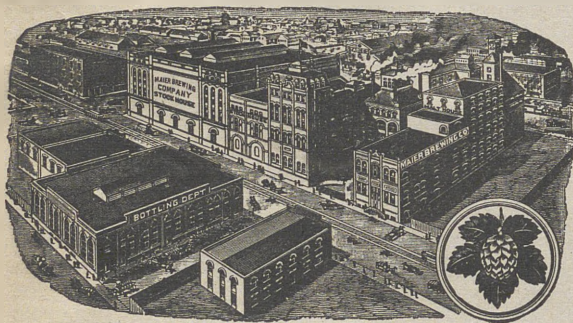
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tial to the success of the Coast League. If they were to notify the Coast League that they would withdraw and affiliate with the State League unless the whole Coast League turned "outlaws," the question would settle itself.

Desirable.

Let us have outlaw baseball, and be free from eastern interference. Let us keep our best players.

Baumgardt.

The travelogue series given by B. R. Baumgardt at Symphony Hall in the Blanchard Building, each Sunday night, is rapidly growing in interest among the Los Angeles public who desire to be entertained and educated at the same time. The subject for Sunday night, May 17, will be "Budapesth and Vienna," beautifully illustrated with over 180 colored views. Budapesth and Vienna, the former the capital of Hungary, the latter that of Austria, are two of Europe's most interesting and artistically beautiful cities. For over 1500 years they have stood as outposts, bulwarks of defense, guarding western civilization against Tartar and Turkish encroachments. Modern civilization owes them a debt of gratitude. Budapesth is a model city, perhaps one of the most beautiful in Europe, with a most interesting population, even more cosmopolitan than that of the United States. From whatever standpoint we consider Vienna, it is of interest. In beauty and fashion it rivals Paris. Its streets are the finest in the world; in modern architecture it equals, if not surpasses, any capital in Europe. The historic characters interwoven in the history of the Austrian cities are of more interest than those of any other city in the world. And who is not acquainted with its contributions to music? The names of Mozart, Schubert, Gluck, Brahms, Strauss, Suppe, Millocker, and the greatest of all, Beethoven, will never be forgotten. They all lived, loved, suffered or died in Vienna.

Border-Ruffian Tactics.

Francis J. Heney's record of "gun-plays" in and out of court in his Arizona days is discreditable enough. That he should attempt the tactics of a border-ruffian in a San Francisco court of justice forms a public disgrace and scandal. With the hope of re-enlisting public attention and sympathy Heney pretends he is in constant peril of

assassination. He makes strenuous objections to being "trailed" by detectives, but ignores the fact that William J. Burns, his partner in the Spreckels harness, has subjected dozens of citizens to similar espionage during the past year. He pretends the court room is thronged by armed thugs, and yet is himself the only person who has dared to make anything approaching a "gun-play" in court or elsewhere during the graft cases. What effect Heney's unpardonable display of passion one day last week during the Ruef trial may have had on the jury it is impossible to say, but it is a public scandal that a sworn officer of the law, the public prosecutor, should threaten in open court to shed the blood of opposing counsel and to confess that he came into court armed for such an emergency. Moreover, Heney himself precipitated the scene by casting the word "liar" into his opponent's teeth. This was followed by Heney's invitation to Ach or Murphy to fight.

"If either of you want anything out of me, come outside and I'll give it you this minute," cried Heney, grabbing his hat.

"Take that big gun out of your pocket," shouted Frank Murphy.

"Yes, and if I do I'll use it," was Heney's retort.

Subsequently in apologizing to the court for the exhibition he had made of himself Heney said: "Your honor, I owe the court an humble apology. I have been under a great strain trying cases both here and in Oregon for the last four years, and by reason of so much night work and the great tension at times I lose control of myself." The man who is unable to control himself in public court is least of all qualified to represent the people as public prosecutor.

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Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, from Los Angeles are Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Woodbury, Henry Ohlmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Englehardt, Miss Blanche Chenot, Judge and Mrs. Edward L. Fuerborn, J. B. Alexander, Miss Mable L. Fischer, Mrs. Emily M. Fischer, Miss Emily Fisher.

Miss Chellus—Did he like the duets we sang?

Miss Byrd—I can't decide from what he said.

Miss Chellus—Oh, I suppose you think he liked your voice best.

Miss Byrd—Well, really, I don't know exactly what he meant. He said I sang well, but that you were better still.—Philadelphia Press.

Stranger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?

Resident—No; we do not boast of it; we just endure it with resignation.—London Tit-Bits.

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Gold Bricked!

I haven't the privilege of knowing Ella Perry Midgley, but I assume she is a real personage, since that name is appended to a story in the magazine section of the esteemed Sabbath "Times" of May 3, entitled "The Madonna's Coup." I dislike to think unkindly of Ella, but, alas, if she exists, she is the most unconscionable plagiarist that ever appropriated another fellow's creation. For "The Madonna's Coup" is almost photographic in its reproduction of Rudyard Kipling's "Three And—An Extra," one of his vignettes in "Plain Tales From the Hills." Ella has re-named the characters, that is all. Mr. Kipling's Mrs. Bremmil appears as Mrs. Brompton in the stolen version, and our old friend, Mrs. Hauksbee is introduced as Mrs. Harrison, but they use Mr. Kipling's language, the naughty Ella scarcely troubling to change a paragraph throughout. For example, Kipling says:

Mrs. Hauksbee appeared on the horizon; and where she existed was fair chance of trouble. At Simla her by-name was the "Stormy Petrel." She had won that title five times to my own certain knowledge.

Listen to the phonographic Ella:

Zoe Harrison appeared above Billy Brompton's horizon and where she existed was fair chance of trouble. At Manila she was known as the "Stormy Petrel." She had earned that title four times to my certain knowledge.

Again, Mr. Kipling records:

Bremmil went off at score after the baby's death and the general discomfort that followed, and Mrs. Hauksbee annexed him. She took no pleasure in hiding her captives. She annexed him publicly, and saw that the public saw it. He rode with her and picknicked with her, and tiffed with her, till people put up their eyebrows and said, "Shocking!"

Now comes Ella Perry Midgley's echoing words, as follows:

Brompton went off at score after the baby's death and the general discomfort that followed

Mrs. Harrison promptly annexed him. She took no pleasure in hiding her captives. She annexed him publicly—and saw that the public saw it. He rode with her, and talked with her, and walked with her, and tiffed at the hotel with her, till people raised their eyebrows and said, "Shocking!"

But why continue? There are nearly four columns of this bald steal in the easy Sabbath "Times," which anybody but the conductors of that ostrich sheet would have known was a literary theft. What else can be expected of a publication that prints a leading editorial on the "Society for Physical Research," carefully explaining what "physical" meant, lest the kindly disposed might fancy the writer really intended "psychical." However, Sam Clover did full justice in the late lamented "Evening News" to that faux pas, and I shall not dwell upon it, except in terms of commiseration. It was that same Sabbath "Times" which a year or so ago printed a poem called "The Lost Doll," which was proudly exploited as the effort of an eight-year-old reader of the "Times," but which the relentless Clover pointed out was written by the late Charles Kingsley, forty-five years before, and published in his exquisite "Water Babies." Not since "Nestor A. Young" palmed off his "Apostrophe to Gold" on the "Times" magazine last November, which, by the way, Tom Hood had fathered sixty years prior thereto, in his inimitable "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg," has the "gineral" been so gold-bricked. But, alas, love is blind, and

the septuagenarian lover, responsible for the "Times" magazine, is so daffy that he couldn't be expected to see through a confidence game like the above. Acrostics are the poems he fattens on.

Santa Monica.

My friend, Colonel George L. Waring, writes me as follows concerning Santa Monica:

"When I wrote last week I thought I had registered the last kick possible for old Santa Monica, to the effect that the North Loop cars carefully and religiously missed connections with all other cars. Now, on going back to 'The Deserted Village,' I find that there are no 'North Loop cars' at all. The Playa del Rey car wanders aimlessly up and down 'the front,' but the rest of the city ('heaven save the mark') is left high and dry (except for one saloon), and car-less. I never thought this could happen, but it has, and at present there are no signs of relief. I haven't much financial interest in Santa Monica—only two lots and a house, not for sale—but I have a sentimental interest in the old place because I have known it so long. There are some misguided idiots who say 'sentiment don't buy you nothing;' the same people say 'business is business.' Both of these statements are wrong. A great deal of business is transacted through pleasure—'good business,' anyway—and sentiment 'makes the world go round.' This is a digression. I remember Santa Monica in its earliest days, when it had plank sidewalks, and Third street consisted of the Red Store, conducted by old man Vawter, the postoffice, presided over by Judge Boyce, and the saloons. Also on Second street there was a dirty little restaurant, kept by French Pete (he had no other name), at which Emile was the cook. Emile was an artist. There was better grub to be got in this dirty little shack than can be obtained in Los Angeles today. Then, crowds of people traveled down on the Southern Pacific, some of them on the roofs of the cars, every Saturday and Sunday, and invaded Eckert & Hopf's, and got meals for 25 cents. At this celebrated place was a Chinaman, who could cook wild ducks better than any one before or since. (Major Ben Truman will bear me out in this). After that came the tennis players, and the poloists, and the golf players, and the town hummed. We had no oiled roads, no sidewalks, no telephones, no electric light, no

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

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FOR A CHOICE MIDDAY MEAL, INCLUDING COFFEE,
TEA, WINE OR BEER

ENTRANCE TO THIS BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH GRILL ROOM ON MAIN

A few steps north from 3rd

gas, very little water, and that little was muddy; but we didn't seem to miss any of these luxuries. Now we have them all, but we haven't got the people to make things lively, and we are gloomy and despondent. I hear we are going to have a band, but a band with the surroundings of the so-called 'front' will probably make things more melancholy. The front should be torn down and built over. I know a good place for a country club. It is at Brentwood. Perhaps the Brentwood people will wake up. Anyway, I wish somebody, or somebodies, would take care of the poor old place in its old age and keep it out of the poorhouse."

Blind Musicians.

The streets of Los Angeles have recently been infested with a number of blind musicians, so called. It is extremely unfortunate to be blind. It is still more unfortunate that the greed for money should take these people from comfortable institutions provided for their welfare and place them before the eyes of the public. No one begrudges them all the money they make, even if it were a hundred dollars a day. No one would exchange positions with them for twice that amount. The seriousness of the matter lies in the fact that the human mind and nerves can be so impressed with a shocking sight that that impression is born into the coming generation. We refer to the case of a mother-to-be stopping on the street to feast her eyes upon an such an unfortunate scene. Take for example, the case of a man having both eyeballs removed. In order to impress the public into extreme sympathy and generous giving, he removes both eyes and exposes his red sockets in such a manner that the strongest nerves of the bystanders are twitched with a natural sympathetic tendency. Hundreds of persons, upon approaching the blind musicians, turn across the street to avoid them. It requires the strongest of will powers to forget the sight. It is natural for us to wish to turn our eyes toward the bright and cheerful in life. Infirmary should not be licensed to appear before the eyes of an unwilling public. The argument may be adduced that a certain amount of observation of accidents is necessary in order to impress the public into taking care of its life and health. Possibly so, but that is no excuse for authorities not exercising judgment in the matter of grewsome street scenes.

Expected.

Just as I expected, the San Francisco "Call" and "Chronicle" and the New York "Telegraph" have combined to beat the anti-tip ordinance passed by the city council at the behest of the long-hair element of Los Angeles. To get a thorough test case the

city authorities have dismissed the first case brought against Joe Kemp of the Amos News Company ("Your Own Home Paper") and new complaints have been drawn. The ordinance should never have been passed in the first place, and the city and the newspapers would have been spared the expense of a test case, had the nine councilmen possessed the backbone of an oyster. The law is unconstitutional or my twenty years' experience in the newspaper business, with a study of the laws pertaining thereto, is no guide.

Kansas City Clique.

Among the newspaper men of the city it is well understood that the inner affairs of the "Express" office, after Mr. E. T. Earl has laid out the policy of the paper, are conducted by what is known as the "Kansas City Clique." There has arisen within the office a "political" group—made up of men who do what is called "office politics." I am explaining this because last week I referred to the desperate effort that the "Express" is making to recover its lost theatrical advertising. It seems that this attempt to regain the theatrical business was not engineered by Mr. Earl, but by the "Kansas City Clique." In calling upon the various theatrical managers and soliciting their business, representations were made that the Sunday-theater-closing-campaign of the "Express" was not the doing of Mr. Earl or of the paper, but that the idea originated with the managing editor. The Kansas City crowd even went so far as to offer to lift the official scalp of the editor if the advertising were forthcoming. The offer was declined, and so the scheme of the "Kansas City Clique" to make a scapegoat of the editor came to naught. At the same time I have my doubts of the ability of the "Kansas City Clique" to have made good their proposition been accepted by the theater managers. There is every reason to believe that the editor of the "Express" has the confidence of Mr. Earl; and he deserves it, for if any man has given good and conscientious service to the "Express," that man is Harley W. Brundige.

A Fine Delegation.

It is the custom of the Republican papers hereabouts—particularly the "Times" and the "Express"—to refer slightly to the Democratic delegation that is to go to the state convention. To read these papers one would think that all the roughs in town were going to Fresno—yet that delegation, considering its character and personnel, is made up of as fine a lot of men, collectively, as ever went to any convention, Republican or Democratic, from Los Angeles County. I do not know the country delegates as well

as those from the city, but in the list I see the names of J. T. Belcher, a good newspaper man of Pasadena; P. O. Blake, a fruit raiser; Captain J. C. Newton, of South Pasadena, than whom there is no better man in the whole county; and A. J. Toolen, a retired capitalist. In the city delegation are Mayor A. C. Harper; Mattison B. Jones, the lawyer; Attorney S. M. Haskins, S. F. Hill, the photographer; Attorney Milton K. Young, Attorney W. St. Clair Creighton, Martin Betkouski, I. B. Dockweiler, Nathan Cole, Jr.; Anthony Schwamm, A. D. Warner, Attorney W. Ona Morton, Timothy Spellacy, James A. Craig, Judge A. M. Stephens and William Mead. The Republican party—even the Lincoln-Roosevelt wing—never offered any better men than these as convention material.

A \$75,000.00 collection of European paintings at auction, 314 South Broadway, commencing Monday, 2 p. m.

Subscribe!

Now is the time to subscribe to the \$10,000 fund to provide for a representative in the San Pedro to Honolulu race. Do not wait for the other fellow to move, but move. H. H. Sinclair has subscribed \$500 of the \$2000 necessary to put the Lurline in the race. Frank Garbutt will pay \$2500, or half of the expense of preparing the Skidbladnir for the race.

War.

The gas war between the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company and the City Gas Company has reached the point where accusations of forgery of orders to change service and not to change service are made. Just a step further and the warring companies will begin a rate war. A gas war is a mighty pretty thing while it lasts; eventually the public pays all cost of the fight. At least that has been the net result of all gas wars in the United States, and it would not be human or "business" to expect any other eventuality here.

Bucket Shop Raid.

There is something about a bucket shop raid that appeals to the risibilities of the unregenerate. First, a bucket shop raid gives the police a chance for theatricalism—and there is nothing funnier than a police raiding party "showing off." Then nobody has any sympathy for the bucketers who are caught in the net—they themselves are expert netters of gudgeons. Finally nobody has any sympathy for the fellows who are caught playing the game—they ought to have better sense. All of these mirthful elements were present when the police raided the Rummel outfit in the Citizens National Bank building one noon this week. The place will be cleaned out, of course, although it is said that Rummel and his partner, whose name escapes me, hold that they have not been doing a bucketing business. A sigh of relief will go up from the godly, many of whom have been known to speculate in stocks here and in the east. Yes, it is a funny game, all around.

Huntington.

Henry E. Huntington knows San Francisco as well as any living man. When his uncle, the late Collis P. Huntington, was president of the Southern Pacific, Henry E.

Huntington was, officially, Assistant to the President. That was before the days that Henry E. Huntington ever dreamed of investing in and developing Southern California. One day the San Francisco "Examiner" started a campaign against "H. E." It hounded him and the business interests with which he was connected, with unrelenting ferocity. The labor unions took up the yelps of the "Examiner." Disgusted beyond measure, H. E. Huntington sold out everything he had in San Francisco. That is the true story of his removal to Los Angeles. It is so true that I have heard representatives of the San Francisco "Examiner" boast that they "drove Henry E. Huntington out of San Francisco."

Los Angeles's Debt.

Los Angeles owes a debt of gratitude to the San Francisco "Examiner" for this act. One Henry E. Huntington is of more real value to a community than all the Hearst papers ever established or to be established, rolled together and multiplied by a hundred. He is constructive by instinct and training—they are destructive. That Henry Huntington has done more directly and indirectly for the material development of Los Angeles than any factor that can be named will be readily conceded.

As to Calhoun.

When Henry E. Huntington comments on conditions that exist in San Francisco, his remarks will be accepted by hundreds of men in Los Angeles who know him personally, and who know the conditions which brought him to Los Angeles. Henry E. Huntington says: "If there were more men of his caliber in the city, the population would be

double what it now is. No man wants to see pure government in a city more than I do. But there is a vast difference between honest endeavor toward that end, and cheap demagoguery. It seems to me that civic purity is about the last thing that some of the people behind the San Francisco graft prosecutions have thought about. This effort at trying to make Patrick Calhoun out as the arch-enemy of San Francisco is idiotic, to say the least. In every crisis he has shown his interest in the city's welfare. The prompt and energetic manner in which he cleared the streets of the city after the disaster was a great factor in restoring public confidence. While other people were wondering what to do next, he was taking steps to repair the enormous damage done to the car lines. It is to such men that people involuntarily turn in emergencies. They are the men needed to build up our modern American cities, and I believe that the substantial, thinking people of San Francisco are well aware of the fact. I know Mr. Calhoun, and I do not believe that he is the kind of man who would wilfully debauch public servants and corrupt city governments.

Guinn.

For an interesting history of attempts to establish various industries in California—industries that failed—I commend the perusal of an article in this month's "Out West," written by J. M. Guinn. Beginning with the time that the drouths of the seasons 1864 and 1865 all but wiped out the cattle industry, Mr. Guinn unfolds a series of hard luck tales. First came a silk culture boom, fostered by a state bounty. It failed; but sericulture is being revived. Then came Colonel Hollister's tea plantation

at Santa Barbara; the tea trees grew, but labor conditions prohibited success. Next, coffee was successfully raised near San Bernardino, but not profitably. In the early '70s cotton planting was tried, and cotton equal to the best southern upland was grown—but there was no market. The castor bean came next; and there was an era of leather tanning and of woollen manufacture.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

I have just been inspecting the silks of the minute, worn by the woman of the hour. These are to be found in greatest quantity and quality at the Boston Store. All clad in silk is the summer girl of this season. Starched linen garments are stiff and uncomfortable for out-door sports, such as golf or tennis. The bathing suit of silk may seem a luxury, dear Harriet, but it has so many points of merit that a girl should really make an effort to stretch her dress allowance to cover it. The Boston Store has a selection of these soft, clingy Rajah, Tussore and Indian silks made to cover every known want in the female wardrobe. The "Pagoda Girl" looks a peach in rose-colored pagoda silk, bought to match her complexion at the Boston Store. The "Motoria Girl" is a mirage in changeable silken shades of "greeny yallery" silk, and can find everything she wants—except the motor—at this good Boston Store. In fact, if "he would gi'e you a silken gown," rather than accept your leap year proposal, he should be made to hie himself to the Boston and get it.

Well, dear child, I found myself wandering through pastures new this week in Blackstones' big establishment. There I discovered a department—fourth floor, I think—wholly given over to household furnishings which are of more than ordinary attraction. Beautiful draperies, cur-

tains, pillows, tapestries and rugs are ready for the happy purchaser. The rugs were the cause of my excursion into this hitherto unexplored ground. I came away quite overcome with the wealth of beautiful pieces. Oriental and domestic, that I saw in this, the most perfectly equipped department in the whole city. Rugs and mats from the home-made rug mats of the Pilgrim days, ranging up to the most aesthetic of Persian and Turkish rugs, are all to be bought at Blackstones', and it seemed to me at a much more reasonable price than at the regular furniture stores which I had already inspected in search of a nine by twelve floor



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*The ne plus ultra confectionery.
Only the highest quality of sugar,
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The usually disagreeable task of selecting wedding gifts has been solved for you. We have gathered such a variety of suitable gifts and at such a wide range of prices that we can instantly show you just what you want.

COME TO THE "GIFT STORE"

and see the newest and largest showings of Solid Silver, good Silver Plate, Silver Depositware, Cut Glass, Engraved Crystal, French China, Rookwood and Teco Potteries and booth after booth of fine quality, exclusive style, seasonable suggestions.

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covering. One feature struck me especially—the way they have of displaying their rugs. A monster book is what you'll discover, each page formed by two beauteous rugs, which swing open and back exactly like the leaves of a book. I saw some dear little mats at Blackstones' in all the artistic shades for as low as a dollar and a half. If you want a delightful peep into the Wonderland of furnishings, just look in at this department.

Myer Siegel's good people were, as usual, lending a helping hand to Father Stork this week. All the baby clothes and truly fine linens are to be found at Siegel's, and nowhere on this coast can such beautiful little layettes be assorted than at 253 South Broadway.

Miss Swobdi, the milliner with a capital M, whose palatial establishment is at 749 South Broadway, was saying a fond farewell to a yellow bird of paradise with an exaggerated tail, that had just hatched out a nest of young Iris—the most beautiful flowers—on top of a soft Milan hat. The whole family, bird and flowerets, were going away in a monster box to Pasadena, and it was so lovely that no wonder the pretty salesgirls hated to see it go. But Swobdi has always something new to spring on an unsuspecting public. I believe she could make a white rabbit look the smartest thing out, if she chose to perch it on one of her "models." I must watch out for my bunnies, as I would hate to see them pinned by even Miss Swobdi.

The Ville de Paris shows this season one of the most attractive assortments of parasols and "sun umbrellas" in the whole city. This latter is an innovation for the present season, and is a most stunning and classe looking sunshade; somewhat smaller than an ordinary umbrella, and yet large enough for defense, in case of a sudden rainstorm. These sun umbrellas come in all the darker shades, changeable or plain; some with polka

dots, and others to match the costumes with the dainty silken coverings. The swell parasols of the season, though, are the Pompadour, with the English walking stick handle. These are awfully tony with their little ruff of silk round the slender stem. Then the Ville de Paris has a very full line of white, hand-embroidered linen sunshades, with various styles of handles and decorations. The Persian band in wide effect runs through the pretty twelve-panelled shades, and is set in with dainty tucks or open-worked stitching. For a sunshade parasol or "young umbrella" in the latest shades and colors commend me to the good and stately store, the Ville de Paris.

Well, having once more advised you, I must say a fond farewell.

Affectionately, **LUCILLE.**
South Figueroa street, May sixteen.

A \$75,000.00 collection of European paintings at auction, 314 South Broadway, commencing Monday, 2 p. m.

I wonder if Melvin Bartlett is responsible for the story about Harry von Meter's lock of golden hair which suddenly appeared among his raven tresses. As the tale is told, it seems that Harry entered the dressing room of one of the Grand actresses during her absence, intending to play a joke. Harry is fond of toilet water, and seeing a tempting bottle on the dressing table, rubbed a portion of its contents among his curls. Alack and alas! The supposed toilet water was peroxide of hydrogen, and the beautiful black lock on the top of his head straightway resembled that of a bleached blonde's. It's all very charming, this story; but it would be a good deal more effective if they didn't tell the same tale of the late Richard Mansfield's negro valet, whose curly wool turned yellow in a night. And we are also forced to wonder where Mansfield's press agent found the story.

Deborah's Diary

Spring Song.

A-down the vale the elfish Pan is piping rondelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days,
And deep the murmur of the sea moans through the leafing trees;
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze.

And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
Her dusky eyes like forest pools where sips the thirsty deer;
Her wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird leer.

And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilies blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.

And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love, and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

CARRIE REVOLDS.

Uncle Jo was dear enough—and it was dear—to take me to San Francisco to see the great climax of the Atlantic Fleet's 14,000 mile voyage. It would be difficult to imagine a more inspiring sight than the passing of the Golden Gate by those splendid battleships, and I am not going to attempt to vie with the wonderful reporters who long ago have exhausted every adjective and simile in description. I never saw so many people in my short life. San Francisco's hundred hills and those on the other side of the channel were dotted with people, and the papers declared that not less than a million pair of eyes viewed this historic spectacle. But it is already an old story. I think that the uppermost thought in every mind was one of extreme satisfaction that "the man of the hour" was able—or made himself well enough—to lead his fleet through the Golden Gate. "Evans" was the watchword of the hour, and his presence—also in the shore parade the next day—actually crowned the great event.

The greatest picture sale ever held on the Coast, commencing Monday, May 18, 2 p. m., 314 S. Broadway; \$75,000 worth to be sold at auction.

The greatest picture sale ever held on the Coast, commencing Monday, May 18, 2 p. m., 314 S. Broadway; \$75,000 worth to be sold at auction.

Despite the tremendous crowds, I seemed to meet Los Angeles people at every turn. The Granville MacGowans were the guests of the W. S. Porters, formerly of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kerekhoff were at the St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Trask were busy seeing that Miss Caroline Trask and Miss Marjorie Severance had the best of times. Joe Scott's handsome gray head was conspicuous in the St. Francis lobby, and I saw Bishop Conaty there too. Up at the Fairmont I noticed Col. R. H. Herron resplendent in gold lace and Commander E. J. Louis in his more modest uniform. "Uncle Billy" Workman, Cal Byrne and J. S. Mitchell of the Hollenbeck were a few others that I ran across. Burton E. Green and his pretty wife didn't miss anything worth seeing, and there were dozens of others whom I cannot recall at the moment. "Bob" Burdette made the hit of the evening at the Governor's banquet, but he declared that the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat!" was a fallacy. I wonder if laughter will be the next prescription for people anxious to keep thin.

A \$75,000.00 collection of European paintings at auction, 314 South Broadway, commencing Monday, 2 p. m.

The Miller Grahams of Santa Barbara are entertaining Elinor Glyn, the English novelist. As her book "Elizabeth Visits America" is already in press, I fear that we shall have to wait for a second edition to get her impressions of the Golden West. Mrs. Glyn is resting at Villa Bellosguardo—at least getting as much rest as Santa Barbara hospitality permits. I had the very good fortune to meet the little lady while she was in San Francisco. She was the central figure in the big rotunda of the Fairmont one afternoon and commanded almost as much attention as Admiral Evans at the St. Francis. You would never pass Mrs. Glyn in any crowd. She is petite, but imposing, and the one irresistible thing about her is a pair of extraordinarily fascinating eyes. Her coloring is quite dazzling—her pale complexion crowned by a wealth of red gold hair. And her conversation is as fascinating as her writing—spontaneous, naive and sparkling. Please don't think that I am alluding to her last most advertised book, for I like every one of the others much better. What I mean is that you will find in Mrs. Glyn herself that same delicate charm that distinguishes each of "Elizabeth's" experiences and "Ambrosine's" reflections. And fame and fortune haven't spoiled her one little bit. There is not an ounce of affectation in her 110 or so pounds. She met a great many people those days in San Francisco, and had a charming word for every one of them. Just as I was talking to her, along came Father Gleason, chaplain of the fleet, whom I had been lucky enough to meet in Los Angeles. And I thought it very good fortune to be able to introduce the priest—the most popular man in the navy, next to Admiral Evans, they tell me—to the famous little novelist. Moreover, Father Gleason was not ashamed to confess to having read "Three Weeks," and not to

have misunderstood it. Father Gleason and Elinor Glyn may sound a strange combination, but I assure you it was a delightful one, and there was no lack of sympathy between them. It seems to me there never can be discord when people are worth while—although their lives and their views of life may be as far apart as the poles. It is a matter of "soul," Mrs. Glyn declared, and I vow she is right. I do hope Los Angeles may catch a glimpse of those red-gold locks and those wonderful eyes, but, hands off, ye women's clubs! After her experience with the Pilgrims in New York she swore she would never visit a woman's club again. But, after all, it wasn't so much the fault of the women as of the imaginative newspaper men, who for a "human interest" story made a mountain out of a mole hill.

The greatest picture sale ever held on the Coast, commencing Monday, May 18, 2 p. m., 314 S. Broadway; \$75,000 worth to be sold at auction.

Two pleasant affairs took place at Hotel del Coronado Monday, when Mrs. Updegraff entertained at luncheon, and Miss Augusta Beckwith gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Deeke, of Germany.

A \$75,000.00 collection of European paintings at auction, 314 South Broadway, commencing Monday, 2 p. m.

Tuesday afternoon Miss Hazel Kirkpatrick entertained with a theater party and luncheon in honor of Miss Constance Britt, one of the most popular brides-elect. Guests were Mrs. Richard Burritt, Miss Agnes Bethune, Miss Doris Davidson, Miss Evelyn Barmore, Miss Mary Lindley, Miss Agnes Britt, Miss Andrietta Glassell, Miss Ethel Davenport, Miss Ruth Kays, Miss Josephine Young, Miss Adelaide Salmon, Miss Gertrude Workman, Miss Leta Murietta, Miss Lila Hawkins, Miss Franklin Taylor, Miss Katherine Sawtelle and Miss Kirkpatrick.

The greatest picture sale ever held on the Coast, commencing Monday, May 18, 2 p. m., 314 S. Broadway; \$75,000 worth to be sold at auction.

Miss Estelle Cathrine Heartt has been the guest of Mrs. Modini Wood on a motor trip to San Francisco, and returned Thursday night after a two weeks' visit in the Northern city.

RARE and ANTIQUE REAL LACES, two pairs new magnificent SILK PORTIERES, hand loomed; also some fine brasses FOR SALE; must be sold. 947 East Twenty-third street. Griffith avenue cars.

Pickard Hand Painted China

Let your gift remembrance be appropriate in the sense of beauty and usefulness.

Express refined taste and purchasing intelligence in its true-worth value, which can only command gratitude by those receiving, whether they be Miss, Master, Bride and Groom or Settled Folks.

The Pickard China is hand painted in an unusual way. Artists of national and foreign reputation create and execute the brilliancy of finish, the harmony of design and color, the originality and individuality of design and the wonderful fineness of execution, which appeal to lovers of hand painted china.

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A boon to hotels, apartments and such other places where the use of inflammable cleansing fluids is prohibited.

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On the Stage and Off

There has been much acclaim in the daily press over the absolutely unprecedented run of "The Girl of the Golden West;" theatrical managers are complimenting the Belasco on its success; the box office jingle is of a loudness that meets the most exalted notions of Fred Belasco, Adolph Ramish and John Blackwood, a trio not easily satisfied when hard on the trail of the dollar. In the flood of congratulations and smiles and compliments few have stopped to ask—why?

Why is "The Girl of the Golden West" such a success? It cannot be classified with any previous play. Its plot is a rehash and at best is next to nothing; its feminine characters are limited to two, and only one of these, "The Girl" herself, gets half a chance. There is about enough love making in "The Girl" to make a matinee girl bat an eyelash; there is no sex problem to taint the mind; there is little action of any sort in those situations in which the average writer of dramas would demand plenty of action. Analyzed by all the traditions of the stage, "The Girl of the Golden West" should have been a most consummate failure; it has proved exactly the contrary, and there are two prime reasons for its success.

The first of these and absolutely of prime

importance, is that the play is true; perhaps not true in the sense that "The Girl" ever existed in real life, but that "The Girl" and the sheriff and the highway robber and Hobart Bosworth's Indian, and "the boys" all stand for types which had a very real existence at one time in the history of the West. It matters nothing that the scene is laid in California; all of these types were to be found in the early days of Montana and Colorado, and any of the mining camps of decades ago.

David Belasco was a theater errand boy at the outset of his career. He mounted the ladder from the bottom rung. He lived in San Francisco in its halcyon days—maybe they existed and maybe, as hard-headed materialists will say, they had no such days in San Francisco. At all events, Belasco must have imbibed some of the glamor and romance that attaches to those times. He must have absorbed his basic types from the miners who went to San Francisco in that era to spend their money. In making this material available for "The Girl," he must have had superb chances of information.

To illustrate the adherence of Belasco to types may be quoted the words of a former Colorado miner, now resident in Los An-

geles.

"I suppose," said he, "that ninety-nine people out of the hundred who have seen 'The Girl' have been attracted by its absolute truth, yet the same number would deny that such characters as Belasco has portrayed could ever have been in the flesh. When I saw 'The Girl' I could pick out man after man in the old days to correspond. 'The Girl' is not impossible nor improbable; the sheriff, stovepipe hat and all, is true to life; the urbane robber had a counterpart in Slade and others who have gone; the 'boys' are real boys. Nor is a single incident in the play outside the domain of truth. I have seen Coloradans get out of their beds and surrender them to a visiting stranger, even as 'The Girl' surrenders her bunk to the robber. The warning of 'The Girl' to the robber that it would be impossible to leave the cabin on account of the storm, is built on rock-bound truth. I noticed, too, that when 'The Girl' invited the robber to her cabin at 1 a.m. to eat pie, there was a laugh as at an incongruity. Absolutely so, every word of it. In the mining camps in those days pie was the summit of all things. We had no other dessert—no other delicacy. Why, in Colorado we used to have what we called 'pie bites,' and there was nothing else to eat but pie—the best in things to eat that we had. Belasco has made his play almost a mirror of the times that were. I am astounded at this attention to the smallest detail."

The second reason for the vogue of "The Girl" is discoverable in the ability of the company that presents it. Alice Treat Hunt began her engagement at the Belasco with "The Girl," and has created such a profound impression in the role that she will have difficulty, in weeks to come, disassociating herself from the character, in the minds of theater goers. Adele Farrington's squaw is as true as one pea is like another. It is needless to refer to the men in the cast. Without doubt the Belasco Stock Company, considering its men, is the strongest organization in the West. "The Girl" calls for character actors of the first rank—and the Belasco company has them.

Theatrical folk of Los Angeles are not especially surprised to hear of the "stranding" of the Mary Shaw company in San Francisco. Miss Shaw played to poor business here, except during the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." In San Francisco her business was only fair, despite the notoriety that Shaw's perversion has gained. It seems a pity that a company of such real merit as Miss Shaw's should thus be scattered, especially when both Los Angeles and San Francisco club women boast of their exceeding fondness for Ibsen and G. Bernard Shaw.

Devotees of the one real melodrama house of the city will regret to hear that the Ulrich Stock Company closes its season next Saturday at the Grand Opera House. This seems unexpected in all quarters, and everyone is wondering just what will be done with the Grand and with the Los Angeles Theater.



John Drew and Miss Billie Burke in "My Wife" at the Mason

There have been many changes at the Burbank Theater during the last five years—actors coming and actors going—but by some strange chance four of the actors who played with James Neill and Edythe Chapman Neill in the old Neill-Morosco company appear with him this week in "Pudd'n head Wilson." John Burton, droll as Blake, II. S. Duffield, comical as Swan, Willis Marks, successful as usual as the doddering Campbell, and H. J. Ginn, quietly effective as Howard Pembroke, assist Neill in his familiar characterization of David Wilson. Neill has always been possessed of a charming stage presence, the ease of which rather detracts from the appearance of several of the members of the company. As Pudd'n-head he makes up in quaintly whimsical style and plays with a modulated, quizzical fashion that lends a deal of verity to the character. And Edythe Chapman makes a welcome appearance as Roxy. One hardly expects to find the charming Mrs. Neill of handsome gowns and stately presence, in the calico dress and dark skin of a negress, but that does not rob her character of its effectiveness. Blanche Hall is captivatingly winsome, and Louise Royce as Pudd'nhead's sister adds another type to her large collection.

Gerald Harcourt and Henry Stockbridge are handsome and laughable as the Alphonse-Gaston twins; and Harry Mestayer returns from his honeymoon to play Tom Driscoll in a beastly manner that is quite charming from an artistic standpoint. Byron Beasley is, of course, excellent as Judge Driscoll, but William Desmond is disappointing as Chambers.

Next week the Burbank company, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Neill, will present Henry Arthur Jones' famous problem play, "The Hypocrites."

The Orpheum program runs to music this week, and like the mantle of charity, music covereth a multitude of sins. It also runs to funnyisms, good, bad and indifferent—mostly indifferent. The Empire City Quartette completely captures the house, and with

good reason. They have a Hebrew comedian who is funny in a way, but who shows exceedingly bad taste in some of his attempts. It is absolutely unforgivable for a performer to attract the attention of the entire audience on a box which contains several ladies of evident refinement. It may appeal to a certain portion of the audience, but it is something that should never be allowed in a first-class vaudeville house. As to the Three Leightons, and to Orth and Fern—their acts display startling similarity to a dozen turns of such kind that have been inflicted upon the Orpheum. Leo Carillo, the boy with the smile that won't come off, is rare good fun in his Chinese interpretations, and tells one or two stories that were graybeards when Noah sailed the ark, but nevertheless he gets a hearty laugh, and wins a good hand with his artful artlessness.

Poor Stella Mayhew will have as bad an opinion of the Land of Sunshine as she has of anti-fat. Despite the fact that she is handicapped by an aggravating hoarseness, she deserves every laugh—and she receives many—that rewards her comedy work. Once again Helen Bertram repeats her rendition of the old Scotch song, "Comin' Thro' the Rye" in a manner that makes one wish for a bit more. Cole and Rags are billed as jugglers, but the feats of dexterity are relegated to the background by the comedy of the ragged portion of the team. The motion pictures arouse a deal of enthusiasm this week, showing as they do the magnificent fleet sailing into Santa Barbara, and giving some splendid views of the floral parade and the battle of flowers.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Burbank—The Burbank company enters a new field this week, when, with the assistance of Edythe Chapman, they will essay "The Hypocrites."

Mason—John Drew comes to the Mason Opera House for three nights and a Wednesday matinee, starting Monday night, in his successful comedy, "My Wife." The piece is new in America, but has been running in London and Paris for several months. In Mr. Drew's support is Miss Billie Burke, a charming young woman who can act, and who is said to be both young and beautiful, an all too rare combination.

Fischer's—The postponed presentation of "The Land of Dreams" announced for a fortnight ago, and put off because of the non-arrival of the manuscript, is scheduled for the coming week at Fischer's Theater. The piece is a romantic musical comedy, written especially for Fischer's by Will Carleton, and tells a pretty tale of the love of two dreamers, who wander through the Wonderful Kingdom of Dreamland. The girl is pretty and beloved by the king. However, her friends manage to procure his consent to her marriage with the man of her choice, and all ends happily. Appropriate roles are provided for Miss Bessie Tannehill, Miss Nellie Montgomery, Herb Bell, Evan Baldwin, Fred Gambold and Willis West, who returns to the Fischer fold after a somewhat protracted absence. Among the musical numbers are "Kiss, Kiss, Kiss," from "The Parisian Model," "In Dreamland, In Dreamland," and "Oh, Willie Boy," from "The Telephone Girl."



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Orpheum—A notable vaudeville event is the coming of Flo Irwin in George Ade's satire, "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." Both

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VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday Matinee, May 18

Flo Irwin,

Supported by Jacques Krueger & Company in May Irwin's Great Comedy Success, "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." By George Ade.

Cliff Gordon,

Marie Florence,

"The German Politician." "The American Sembrich."

Banks-Breazeale Duo,

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Carbrey Bros.,

Orth & Fern,

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Musical Comedians.

Three Leightons,

"A One-Night Stand in Minstrelsy."

Orpheum Motion Pictures.

Empire City Quartette,

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player and author are shown at their best in this little comedy. Miss Irwin is seen in the role of an elderly lady who lives to regulate other people's morals, a situation well adapted to her refined comedy methods. There are many subtle changes in the "reformer's" views of life as the playlet progresses, and the result is a vivid, delicately-tinted bit of character acting such as is seldom seen in or out of vaudeville. Cliff Gordon, the specialist in German humor, is also announced for the week of May 18. Gordon is one of the top-notchers in vaudeville, and the fact that he is so seldom seen in the west is the surest indication of the vogue he enjoys. He is always in demand, and usually has his calendar filled for at least two years in advance. Marie Florence, who has been christened by the critics "The American Sembrich," also comes next week. She will be heard in classic selections. The Banks-Breazeale Duo is the stage name of an act consisting of two pretty young women who sing, dance and play musical instruments. They are seen in the character of dainty dames of colonial days. Carbrey

Brothers, who conclude the list of newcomers, modestly describe themselves as "novelty dancers," and this they surely are if the critics of the eastern press are to be relied upon. Orth and Fern, comedy musicians and singers, The Three Leightons in their unique minstrel act and the Empire City Quartette complete the bill.

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Week Commencing Sunday, May 17.

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"The Opium-Fiend"

By OWEN DAVIS

This startling study of the "Rophead" and his associates in degradation was one of the Great Ulrich Successes of two seasons ago. It will be given an entire new production on even a more magnificent scale than when first presented.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

In the Musical World

By WINFIELD SCOTT

My friend, Mr. Frederick Stevenson, rushed into the "Graphic" office Thursday morning in great distress and in accents tinctured with woe exclaimed: "My dear boy, there isn't a thing to write about in the musical world until Damrosch appears on the scene tonight. Now I have a ban-

quet at the University Club tonight and am scoring some orchestral work for the occasion, and am overburdened with business. I cannot see, when there is nothing doing in the musical world and I have nothing to say, how I can say it."

On this short notice, considering the press of business I, perforce, undertake to produce something for this department this week. The chief news concerns Mr. Stevenson himself, although he is too modest to write about it himself. The Lyric Club has just accepted a new work by Mr. Stevenson, "In Rare Vienna—Valse Seduisant." The club has begun rehearsals and from the first glance at the music the members were enthusiastic over this latest creation of the Stevensonian brain. It is a luscious, brilliant thing—for women's voices, of course, with a baritone solo, and accompanied by violin, violoncello, piano, organ

and harp. The Lyric Club can command the talent properly to present this combination, excepting, of course, the baritone, and Mr. W. J. Chick has been selected to sing this solo. Miss Oullet will be at the harp, the Misses. Bessie and Lucy Fuhrer will have the violin and 'cello parts, Miss O'Donoghue will be at the piano and Mrs. J. H. Chick at the organ. The club's next concert is set for June 12, and "In Rare Vienna" will not be the only one of Mr. Stevenson's compositions presented, for the "Italian Sere-nade" will be repeated, Mr. Chick having the incidental solo.

The College of Music, University of Southern California, announces a piano and organ recital by Miss Faye Buck in the First Methodist Church Tuesday evening, May 19. Mr. Abraham Miller, tenor, will assist. The public is invited.

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

One of the most interesting works being executed here at present is the portrait of Miss Horace Smith, by Joseph Greenbaum. It shows the sitter life-sized, seated on a bench out of doors, the canvas all but showing the full figure. The costume of the sitter, which is very becoming, is in the new fashionable light blue that is an extremely difficult color to render, not only in its own direct color, but the dozens of changes and variations caused by lights and shades in folds of the drapery, giving extreme charm in the many tonal qualities, but at the same time imposing on the painter great difficulties of execution and exerting the artist's greatest powers and concentration to see and recognize these subtle changes of illumination or intensities, and calling forth all his knowledge of the palette to execute them. That Mr. Greenbaum has done so successfully one has only to look at this fine

portrait to acknowledge the triumph. The sitter wears a large black hat, with a superb ostrich feather of the same color. This is also beautifully rendered. There is every evidence that the likeness must be excellent, but as the writer is not acquainted with the sitter, he can only judge from the technician's point of view. It will not be too much to say that this canvas will be one of the best ever painted in Los Angeles.

The Japanese exhibition held in the Blanchard Hall galleries, which kept open all the week, was not as attractive as it might have been; whilst there were some interesting features, still the standard was quite mediocre, and naturally did not attract the numbers that it would otherwise have done. F. Aoki, who has a charming studio in Pasadena, was present, and in a discussion with the writer made the claim that Caucasians did not know how to draw,

simply because they always draw with the pencil instead of a brush; when the writer stated that the Japanese did not draw correctly from an anatomical point of view, and that all their figures were more or less grotesque, Mr. Aoki at once refuted the statement and claimed that all Japanese were great students of anatomy, but gave great spirit and action to their drawing, and to confirm this at once started to make an outline drawing of a figure, a man fishing, to show how accurately he could draw the figure. As usual, it was the ordinary grotesque figure full of wild impossibilities of comparative sizes and conformation. Mr. Aoki speaks of having been in Paris and London, and having watched and seen hundreds of artists working, yet he did not seem to know that the majority of painters started right in with their work, with the brush, without any previous outlining with a pencil or the charcoal. He also claimed that we

could not approach the Japanese in the rendering of flowers. The writer has failed yet to find a Japanese, in forty years close observance of their work, who could render flowers on paper, we will say, as beautifully or as perfectly as Paul de Longpré; or to approach in any way another local man, Frantz Bischoff, on pottery. Whilst the Japanese work has a charm of its own, and is decorative from the oriental standpoint, still they should not attempt comparisons with our workers in this particular sense. The result would certainly not be favorable to them.

The Los Angeles College of Fine Arts had not yet been able to hang the sketches received from the Art League of the Chicago Art Institute at the time of going to press; consequently we will have to review them next week.

On May 27 there will be the most interesting exhibition in the Blanchard Hall Galleries that perhaps has ever been attempted in Los Angeles, namely, the showing of four immense canvases by the celebrated painter, Fred Melville Du Mond. The titles are: "Rome Amusing Itself," "Lygie," "Quo Vadis," and the "Combat Between a Rhinoceros and Tiger." This painter has won gold medals and honorable mention in the Paris Salon; also gold medals in Munich and St. Petersburg. Mr. Du Mond is a native of Rochester, N. Y., and was a graduate in civil engineering, but having worked hard in his profession and becoming worn out, betook himself to Paris for a complete rest and change. Whilst there he became much interested in the Fine Arts and thought he would like to try his hand just to pass the time away, with the result that he became a willing captive of the Goddess

of Painting. He entered the Julien schools with the amazing result of actually painting a portrait after three months' tuition, which was accepted at the Paris Salon. That any one with just three months' work in a school could paint a portrait with sufficient force, strength, accuracy in drawing, anatomically correct, with a thorough understanding of color, and a mastery of chiaroscuro, a complete knowledge of values and tones, all brought into harmony with a technique and style that would arrest the attention of the Paris Salon jury to accept it for exhibition, is nothing short of marvelous, especially to those who know how terribly exacting the jury is, and the hundreds of canvases that are rejected at every presentation. From this, of course, Mr. Du Mond made very rapid strides until he has attained an enviable reputation as a painter of extraordinary power and strength and one who has entered the difficult field of historical painting as well as portraiture. This painter has come direct from Paris to Los Angeles, at the express invitation of Mr. F. W. Blanchard, who has taken great interest in this artist. It will be remembered that Mr. Blanchard exhibited his "Legend of the Desert, or Hagar and Ishmael" last year on June 13, which was much admired by Los Angeles art lovers. Mr. Du Mond intends to study the west for historical material, and pass a few months with his parents, who now live in Monrovia, and in the fall he will go to New York to take up a new school that is just formulated to take the place of Chase's, now practically lapsed. The school will be established at the corner of Sixty-seventh street and Amsterdam avenue, New York City, and it will no doubt have immense success, as the financial powers behind the project are well known successful business men of New York, and the masters will be well known men of distinction, who have gained honors in the art field. It is with the greatest interest that we look forward to this unusual exhibition.

In the exhibition held at the Steckel gallery Mr. Joseph Greenbaum has two canvases; one called the "Bathers," an interesting piece, and another, "Treasure Island," also a good canvas, that was painted at five in the morning, done in this artist's usual captivating manner.

At 316 South Broadway there is a collection of paintings and antique furniture that is of unusual interest, brought together by Mr. Ray Skelton. Unfortunately, there is the ordinary assemblage of "rubbish" shown side by side with some of the best antique pieces that can be found anywhere. In pictures there are some splendid examples by such noted men as M. Frantz Charlet, John Ferris, Thomas Pyne, Victor Gilsol, Verboeckoen, Bernhard de Hoog, and one by Margaret McDonald, an oil called "Nature's Reverie." Mr. Skelton claims that this was the painting which gained the \$1000 prize given by the Chicago Palette Club just before the World's Fair in that city. One of the most interesting men represented is Frantz Charlet, a Belgian artist, who has been written up by all the Paris papers this spring. He gained the gold medal in Paris for his "Funeral Passes," which was exhibited in 1885; he also won a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition for

his splendid canvas of "The Golden Dial," which is now owned by Mr. H. Levy, of New York. The "Funeral Passes" was bought by the Belgian government, and is now in the Royal Museum at Ghent. One of the most extraordinary things in relation to this painter is, that when a student in Paris he studied under Gerome and Lefebvre, two masters who were well-known for their smooth and exacting academical outline of the figure; but there is no trace of that in his work of today, or for that matter for some time past. Though he preserves to this day perfect draughtsmanship, he does not let exactness dominate his tender and poetical pictures. All his works sing with beautiful tones of color that fairly glide from light to shadow; that sparkle with fairy touches of vivacious color. In his outdoor scenes he has changed remarkably of late years since his visit to Algeria; he is one of the great expounders of that quality known in France as *plein air*, but which means in good American English, full of atmosphere. We have read many of the French criticisms of this artist's work, and they all agree that he is one of the best interpreters of atmosphere; that his effects are of surprising beauty, having a fluid softness that is remarkable. There are two oils shown, one, "Tea Time," the other, "Children by the Sea." In water color he is represented by "Mending the Sail" and the "Shipbuilder." This painter's studio in Brussels is proclaimed to be one of the richest and most ornate on the continent, where many Americans visit him and are his patrons. He also has a country studio at Moll. John Ferris, the Scotch academician, is another clever man represented. The brother of this artist was an understudy to Henry Irving. Thomas Pyne, who is a member of the Royal Institute, is one who has some interesting work in the collection. One a beautiful water color of the castle at Dartmoor, exquisitely handled and finished. Victor Gilsol is a painter who follows the old Flemish school, and has a splendid piece of the canal at Bruges. Verboeckoen is represented by one of his best works of sheep, with an approaching storm. This is done at a period when the artist was at his height and is a superb example of his wonderful painstaking work, exquisite in drawing, action and feeling, excellent in color and perfect in handling of that style. It is without a doubt a gem of that class of work. Bernard de Hoog has a worthy piece called "Life's Sunshine." In furniture, there are some very rare pieces, especially one sideboard that is exceptionally rare and unusual in design, in splendid order and altogether a piece to be very much desired.

Miss Olive Percival gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon last in honor of Miss O'Kane, who has just returned from Europe, where she has been sketching and studying under Frank Brangwyn, one of the English artists who has bounded to the front so strongly of late years. The guests who were present at this delightful tea were all artists and craftswomen; they were Miss O'Kane, Miss Percival, Mrs. Marion Holden Pope, Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt, and Misses. Leta Horlocker, Kathryn Rucker, Marie Crow, Lillian Drain, Lillian Vosburg, Nellie H. Gere, Jessie Washburn, Helen Coan and Mary Curran.

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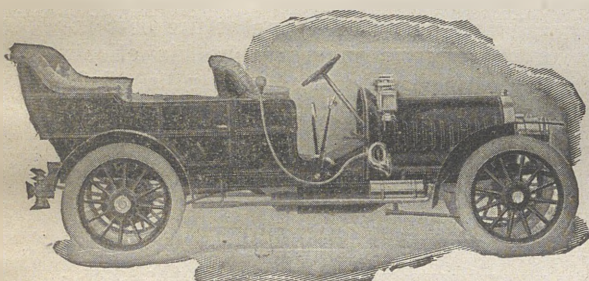
By JACK DENSHAM

So the Farmers' Day idea sprung by Franz Nelson has taken hold, and the Dealers' Association, under the leadership of Bill Bush and Harry Harrison are going to see what they can do in the matter. And that is the best that could possibly happen. Now that a regular organization has adopted the scheme,

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with the press back of it solidly to boost, I see no reason why it should not become an almost national movement. There has been a great howl for "good roads" in the past, but there has been little concerted action along effective lines. Yowling for good roads won't do any grading or fill up any bumps. The average autoist has little time to do any active work in the matter, and certainly is in no position to start out with shovel and mattock and fix a few miles of roadway once a week. But the farmer is in that position. Once he finds out the advantage of the automobile and has invested in a car, he will be out early in the morning to crank up and chase down the road a few miles to a bad place he bumped over the night before. The "Times" had a very clever article on the subject last Wednesday morning after the meeting. I don't know who is responsible, but it sounds like Roy Wheeler, who has a natural knack for hitting the crux of a story in the proper way. Let me quote:

"Distance is now measured by the watch's tick. Time spent on the road has become the most important item. Farmers and others, when computing distance, measure it, not by the yardstick, but by the number of minutes it takes to make the drive. The automobile men intend to show the ranchers how much time can be saved by improving their roads.

"Cars of all makes will help the educational plan. There will be no effort to drive at breakneck speed, or to make records. At an ordinary pace the machines will be sent from town to town, and the occupants of the cars will be given a chance to see what road conditions really are.

"The farmers will be driven along narrow grades, where it is almost impossible to pass teams. The need for building better roads will be emphasized by taking them over a stretch of sand or bumpy highways, where springs are likely to be smashed."

The Rainier cars, a description of which I essayed a few weeks ago, seem to have made a hit. I have noticed a number of them on the street lately, and the Smith Bros. are evidently fulfilling my prophecy of success.

Another make of car that has been forced on my notice more than ever is the Great Smith. Paul Renton seems to have only one difficulty, and that is to get cars enough. It is getting to be like old times, for we are beginning to hear the grand old wail about "no cars." No longer is it hard times and the dickens to collect money. Mr Willcox has been very long-sighted in this regard. When the hard times were at their worst he told me that it was his idea and that of the factory that this year was going to see a regular boom in well-made low-priced cars, and with that idea they were keeping up their stock. Now Mr. Willcox is reaping the benefit of his own shrewdness and ability to swing capital. The Maxwell Garage is well stocked, and they are in a position to fill all the orders that the energetic Bill Ruess hustles in.

The Mitchell people have a very attractive coupe for their runabout. The sides and front are entirely enclosed when the windows are up, and the whole makes a mighty fine vehicle for theater going or night work

of any kind; especially is it good for doctors, and the great beauty of it is that there is plenty of room for your hat and your knees if you happen to be like some people, long in both.

I cannot refrain from running the following jingle. Bill Batchelder has taken my previous lampoon so kindly and has been so decent to me in every way that I feel moved to try my hand again. I am comforted by the thought that the genial Stearns man has already heard this same jingle, and smiled benignantly when I read it to him. Thus we have—

The Mirror of Fashion.

Right loudly we sang of his wonderful socks,
We thought them perfection enough;
But now he comes out in a fashion quite new,
With a radiant, double-decked cuff.

Its pattern and color are equally fine,
A mixture of crimson and blue;
The moment you see it you'll ardently pine
For a cuff of a similar hue.

So well groomed and handsome Bill Batchelder stands,

His hair neatly curled at the nape;
But the finishing touch you will find on his hands,

'Tis that cuff and its wonderful shape.

Believe me, the shape of that cuff needs no exaggeration to describe it. The links are set in a bevel gear, while the hood of the cuff itself is doubled over, leading back to a tonneau of discreet shape, and ample proportions. Oi yoi, it is a wonder. Salaam.

Bill Vaughn has been up the Arrowhead grade, something that no autoist has done before. It is true that he obtained special permission to do so, but that makes no difference; it is the thin end of the wedge that will permit all autoists to ascend that grade. And that is as it should be.

Now let us go into the inner consciousness of this thing and see where we are. Let us try to set this matter out as would a lawyer, with premises and precedent, and all that kind of stuff. You may remember when I went on a snow finding trip for the Auto Vehicle Company that I tried to tell of the "sensing" of the mountains, and what one feels and sees when up above the valley. I failed in this, as would any writer that ever lived, but I may have found a few words to give a small idea of it. Here is one premise, then. We have a pine-clad country in Southern California, where the "big" trees rise up to greet the drifting clouds, where the air is strong and pure, and reaches the depths of one's lungs with a tang and intoxication that would run "Widder" Cliquot out of business if you could only bottle it. This is a part of the country that is so grand and so strongly in contrast with the smiling valleys of the rest of our country that it is one of the greatest attractions for visitors and tourists that we could have. I proceed on the theory that this last is admitted.

To follow the argument further, we have a county road which leads by easy gradients and curves up into the very heart of this grand country. Yet the supervisors decided that they would not allow auto vehicles to ascend this road. There is a big notice just

south of the Arrowhead Hotel, where the road turns off up into the mountains. It states that no automobiles are allowed on that part of the road. We will presume that this rule is constitutional and all that kind of lawyer rot. If so, have they any right to make an exception and permit Bill Vaughn to drive his machine over that road? That is where the genial Bill has done his good work; he has taken two cars up the road and made an opening for following motorists to say, "Well, why should they discriminate? Have they any right to say that we cannot go to Bear Valley when they allow Bill Vaughn to do so? The thin end of the wedge, all right, and not so awfully thin, either. I am in great hopes of seeing the fat end in very soon, and then the wedge, having served its use, fall clear through the split and out on the other side.

Here is one road over which any automobile can travel into the heart of the big tree country. There are but very few of the thousands of wealthy tourists who come here every winter who have any idea of the immensity and grandeur of the scenery up there in the mountains. Give them a chance to find out for themselves by the easy method of driving up there in a motor car, and you will find the Southern California stock on a rising market, with the bears hibernating lest spring and honey never return.

This road that should be open to automobiles leads up from San Bernardino, past Arrowhead Springs, and up into the mountains. The roadbed is well made and wide. The oldest one-lung runabout in the country could climb it with ease. After leaving Arrowhead the road winds around the sides of steep slopes and on to the crest of one hill after another, until it reaches the top of the main ridge, and dips down into the region of the giant pine, winter snows, running water and pleasant lakes. Many of you have been into the Bear Valley district, and you know what I mean. I ask you, isn't it a shame that the narrow-headedness of certain sultry-minded supervisors should prevent our wealthy visitors from visiting this beautiful part of the country in the easiest and simplest way possible?

I note with regret that the San Bernardino papers roasted the Vaughn expedition. I am well acquainted with most of the newspaper men in the hustling town where the valley business is transacted. They are live ones and courteous gentlemen. Whenever I have been there, whether it was to referee a football game, play on a team, or pilot an auto into some freak situation, I have always received the kindest treatment from them, and been impressed each time with the luck of San Bernardino in having such a bunch of live ones to boost her along. Now, I ask myself, "What has come over those fellows? They must know that the opening of the road will be of inestimable value to the city of San Bernardino. It will attract numbers of wealthy tourists there. They will look around and see the combination of smiling orchards and hustling business town. They will see the smoke from the factory chimneys fading away over a vista of green and gold plantations leading up to the steeper foothills, and the grave mountains beyond. They will say "this is a land that is good to look upon. God has been very good here, and man has forgotten to be vile. They sow and reap here, they plant and prune.

they till and toil yet; in the town they hustle so that they buy and sell right smartly, and there is no lethargy nor angry bane of Morpheus in the valley." They will be quite right in what they say, but they will not be there to say it unless San Bernardino wakes up and offers every inducement to the wealthy and itinerant motorist to stay there and see what they have. Open that road, San Bernardino, and forever bless the lone Britisher that suggested it.

Bill Vaughn, here's to you and your good work. Go to it and make them come through. You have the backing of every up-to-date and right-minded man in Los Angeles. I speak all the more strongly from knowing that Judge Frederickson was with you. A level-headed man if ever there was one, and well shown by his choice of a profession, and, permit me, Judge, a consort.

So the two-cylinder record has been lowered between here and San Francisco. That was very good work that the Auburn did. Let this record arouse emulation. I should be glad to receive a letter from Walter Sahland couched in the following terms: My Dear Jack—Having read of the record made by the two-cylinder Auburn from San Francisco to Los Angeles, I have decided to try and lower same. I expect to leave Los Angeles in a duplicate of the old "Snow-finder" next Monday, and would be delighted if you would honor me with your presence as mascot and general utility man. Put on

your breeches of British pattern and leggins of worn pigskin; reach down the goggles that George Crackel gave you for a Christmas present, and don that ancient yachting cap of yours. Then let us away and chase after that record. The main brace shall be spliced before every meal, and I will telegraph ahead for many pies to be ready that you may not go hungry. Beefsteaks shall await us all along the road, and neither steersman nor mascot shall suffer from midship vacuum. Very truly yours, Walter Sahland, surnamed "The Smiling."

So Capt. Ryus is thinking of sailing to Honolulu. Go to it, you old water dog. If there is anybody around this town that can hammer the speed out of the Evian it certainly is Harmon Ryus. While speaking of this same yacht race I would take the opportunity to hand it to the "Examiner" again. As in the case of the auto ride for the sailors,

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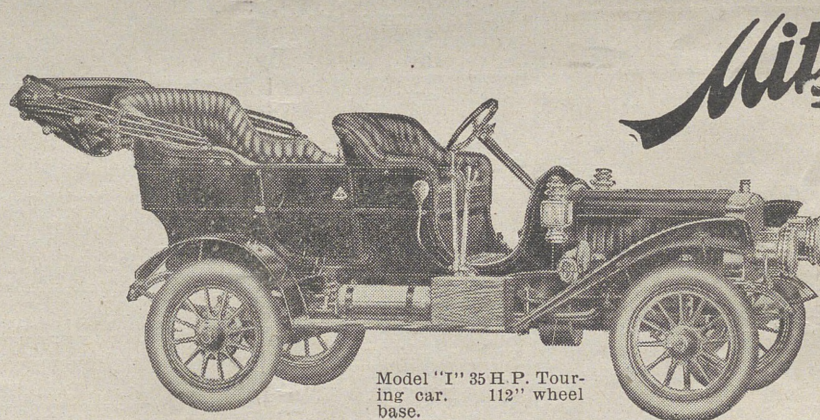
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they did all the work and spent the money without taking any credit. The powers that be in the Hearstian office are certainly going about things in a way to make themselves liked and respected. I can think of nothing that would do more to boost Los Angeles and Southern California than to have the yacht race come off after those Hawaiian sportsmen have spent some \$25,000 to build a boat that could make a good showing in the race. It would be an everlasting discredit to Los Angeles if the race were allowed to fall through, and the "Examiner" recognizes this. There may have been a little too much space-filling on the subject, but the general trend of it was good, and if the race comes off, as appears probable, the "Examiner" will have had quite a little to do with it.

Capt. Ryus is very serious about this race.

Stearns
Motor Cars

WM. J. BATCHELDER & CO.
12th and Main

I cannot see where he is wrong when he says that the Evian is a wonder off the wind. "Just imagine," he said; "the Lurline went over there on one tack, and with the wind aft her beam most of the way. That flat-bottomed box of an Evian would simply fly over the water under those conditions. Get her centerboard most of the way up, set her big ballooner with a fat staysail leading forward from the jigger mast, and believe me, she would do things." This was followed by a remark about the return journey in which Cap. Ryus stated that he was not related to Methusaleh. I offered to bring her back via the dead reckoning route. Cap. smiled and said that he fancied that she would cover the course of the race over the same route, principally. "How are you on navigation, Jack?" he asked. I said that I was rotten. "That's good," was the reply, I just want somebody along with whom I can argue the matter, and then I can come within two miles of the actual position, but I have to argue." Well, Cap, if I sign on as first mate, believe me, I shall see that every belaying pin aboard is stuffed with cotton or fitted with an inflated bladder. You are a charming man ashore, but I have a suspicion that you'd be the bucco article at sea. Am I right? Eh, what?

Now if Harmon Ryus goes ahead and sails the Evian to Honolulu and wins the race, what on earth will the other auto men do to go him one better? I have mental visions of Harry Harrison steering a flying machine, of Billy Ruess acting as skipper of a diving bell, and of A. J. Smith signing on with a firm of steeplejacks.

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Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Securities that are standard in this market are on the boom, and the bull movement is especially noticeable in the good oils, with public utilities and the best bank stocks a close second. Bonds that are right also are on the upswing.

Tips are out that Union Oil is to become at last in fact a Rockefeller property. I doubt the story, but it is being whispered in quarters that should be well informed.

Another argument for Union acquirement is that the Associated Oil Company—a Southern Pacific property—is to be amalgamated with the Stewart-Torrance interests. Also here I have no desire to vouch for what may be a highly colored stock noveltette. That something entirely different from the generally accepted facts is doing in Union, there appears to be little doubt.

In the mining shares the high-class Goldfields appear steadier than they have been in more than a year. The Johnnie Consolidated sensation apparently has run its course, and to those who have the means and the inclination for such sport, I say gobble a bit at present prices in that stock.

Money is easy at 6½ and 7 per cent.

The Phelps-Dodge interests have acquired

control of the Gila Valley Bank and Trust Company of Silver Belt, Arizona.

The Bank of Duncan, N. M., has been organized with \$15,000 capital stock. Officers are H. C. Day, president; J. V. Parks and W. D. McKeehan, vice-presidents, and H. M. Watson, cashier.

The plans and specifications for the new Hemet Bank building have been filed at Riverside for record. The contractors are Durfee Bros. of Riverside, and the architect is F. P. Burnham. Contract price for building is \$4500.

The Bank of Beaumont has filed articles of incorporation with a capital stock of \$25,000. Among the directors are C. B. Eyer, J. E. Smohl, J. J. McCoy and F. C. Martin.

Bonds

The supervisors of Imperial county offer for sale a \$6500 issue of the Coachella school district.

San Fernando votes June 1, on a \$30,000 high school issue.

James H. Adams & Co. have bought the \$34,000 issue of the Burbank Union High School district, paying \$577 premium.

The city treasurer of Los Angeles has been authorized to sell \$340,000 of aqueduct bonds in denominations of \$200.

The \$8000 school bond issue recently authorized at Monrovia has been declared in-

valid because the polls closed earlier than the law directs.

The Tournament of Roses Association of Pasadena has asked the city to issue \$50,000 in bonds for the permanent improvement of Tournament Park.

In the Literary World

The third and concluding volume of what doubtless may be accounted the final "Life of Goethe," by Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D., has just been published by the Putnams. Admirably done is the authorized translation by W. A. Cooper, assistant professor of German in Stanford University. This volume carries us from the Congress of Vienna to the poet's death (1815-32.) It is well known that the Polish author of this remarkable biography did not live to complete his work, but the fact is generally overlooked that long before he recognized that he might not finish his task he expressed the

wish that a special discussion of Goethe, considered as a scientist, might be contributed by some one especially well versed in that phase of the poet's activities. This wish is fulfilled in the chapter entitled "The Naturalist," which is from the pen of Prof. S. Kalischer of Berlin. The note bearing the heading, "Goethe's Poems Set to Music," is contributed by Prof. Max Friedlander of Berlin University. The most extensive additions, however, to the author's unfinished manuscript must be credited to Prof. Theobald Ziegler of Strassburg, who completed the chapter on "Faust," and also wrote the concluding chapter, besides inserting an account of Goethe's attitude toward romanticism, and of his relations to the philosophers Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. Professors Imelmann and Roethe of Berlin revised Bielschowsky's manuscripts for style.

The English translator truly says that to know Goethe well is an education in itself. An intimate acquaintance with his inner life and with his conception of the mission of the poet in the world cannot fail to broaden and deepen the spiritual life of the serious-minded man of every generation. Such an acquaintance is obtainable from the book before us. This work, however, deserves to be read in its entirety.

Miscellaneous articles on Italian subjects by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer have been collected in a volume called "Italica" (Houghton, Mifflin & Company). The author is at his best in the descriptive papers, such as the journey to Leopardi's home at Recanati and the Venetian pageants. The political articles may be taken with some reservations, but in those on literary subjects the author's enthusiasm usually masters his discretion, as, for instance, in the preposterous praise of Fogazzaro.

The romantic interest in everything relating to Devonshire that dates at least from "Lorna Doone" will find plenty of food in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events" (John Lane Company). Though most of the articles in the thick 800 page volume have appeared in English magazines, they will be new to American readers. The author is volubly anecdotal and very entertaining. He deals with all sorts of matters relating to Devonshire in rather helter skelter order, worthies of the last century and the remoter past, sporting parsons, country doctors, witches, local traditions and legends, winding up with a recent hero, Sir Edward Chichester of the Immortalite in Manila Bay. There is nothing pedantic in these pages; they are full of good stories, and whether the reader only dips in here and there or reads the volume through he will find plenty of entertainment.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Richard P. Hanson, of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the S.E. ¼ of S.E. ¼, of Section No. 13, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 20 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Thomas J. Moffett and Perry W. Cottler of Sherman, Cal.; Marion Decker and Ernest Decker of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl.4-10t—Date of first publication Apl.4-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Florence M. Mattingly, of 217 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and E. ½ of S. E. ¼, of Section No. 11, in Township No. 2 N., Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 21st day of May, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Ferd Tetzlaff, Fred Graves, Ramona Miranda, Frank Miranda, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of May, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
March 21-9t—Date of first publication, March 21-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the lot No. 4 of Section 33, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 18 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: J. W. F. Diss, John Schumacher, D. D. Parten, of Santa Monica, Cal.; A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl.4 9t. Date of first publication Apl 4, '08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, California, April 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Gillon, of Los Angeles, California, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11025, made March 1, 1906, for the S.E. ¼ of Section 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, California, on June 11th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. W. F. Diss, David D. Partin, John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.; G. G. Bundy, John U. Henry, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 9-5t. Date of first publication May 9-08.

(Not coal lands.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 10670, made Sept. 26, 1904, for the S. ½ of S.E. ¼, S. ½ of S.W. ¼, Section 28, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on May 20, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: John U. Henry, Charles E. Gillon, John H. Schumacher, David D. Parten, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl. 18-5t. Date of first publication Apl. 18, '08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 9-5t Date of first publication May 9-08.

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